



Heavenly Sunlight

Editors

J. Howard Entwisle
Powell G. Fithian
Adam Geibel
R. Frank Lehman

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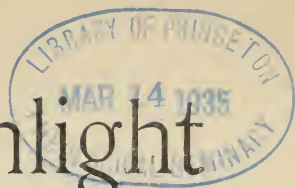
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3228



Heavenly Sunlight

CONTAINING

Gems of Song for Sunday Schools,
Young People's Societies and
Devotional Meetings

✓✓ Editors: ✓

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE, POWELL G. FITHIAN,
ADAM GEIBEL and R. FRANK LEHMAN.

PHILADELPHIA :
GEIBEL & LEHMAN,
1022 ARCH STREET.
... 1901...

PREFACE.

Among the evident over-supply of hymn books already published for Church and Sunday-school use, it requires no little temerity to issue another and ask for it a welcome reception.

In presenting "Heavenly Sunlight" for your consideration it is with a feeling akin to that which follows duty well done—for we feel that our little book has a mission, and that it is qualified to serve it.

It is easier to compile a large book than a small one. In a book the size of "Heavenly Sunlight," every piece is sure to be tested and weighed in the balance of practical use. For this reason not a selection has found place that we did not think was worthy of being there. There has been no padding—no "filling up." On the contrary, it has been a task more than once to decide to omit some selection that really deserved proper recognition. However, the work is done—and we are satisfied to leave it as it now appears. The mission of "Heavenly Sunlight" is to furnish a superior collection of good hymns, in a compact form, at a reasonable price. Whether its mission has been fulfilled or not, you will decide.

It is our earnest prayer that the singing of these songs of Zion may encourage some to love Him whose hearts are as yet in the bondage of sin, and will encourage all to a closer and more consistent following after Him whom to love and to serve is life's greatest object.

April 18, 1900.

THE EDITORS.

PREFACE TO THE FIFTH EDITION.

To write a prefatory note to a publication that has run through four editions, aggregating over forty-five thousand copies, within a little over six months of the date of the appearance of the first copy from the press, is an honor we highly esteem and for which we are sincerely grateful. For this remarkable appreciation of our humble efforts, due credit must be given to the great gatherings of Christian workers, to the religious press and to the large number of musicians and practical Church and Sunday-school workers all over our broad land who are using our book, and who have advertised and recommended it for no other reason or consideration than on account of the merit they believe it to possess. For these disinterested efforts we herewith tender our formal acknowledgments, and continue to trust that as "Heavenly Sunlight" becomes more widely known it will be favorably received by many others, who will use it to spread the heavenly sunlight of God's love and favor to all who hear His praises.

November 26, 1900.

THE EDITORS.

HEAVENLY SUNLIGHT.

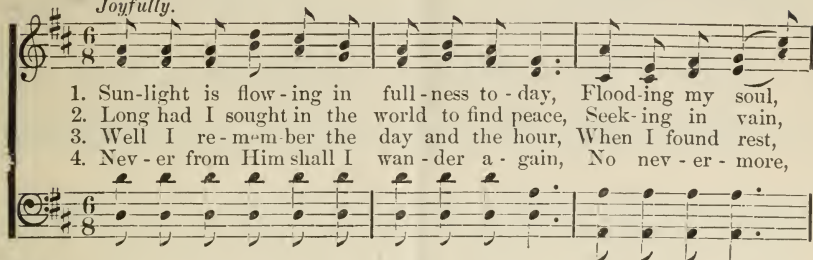
No. 1.

HEAVENLY SUNLIGHT.

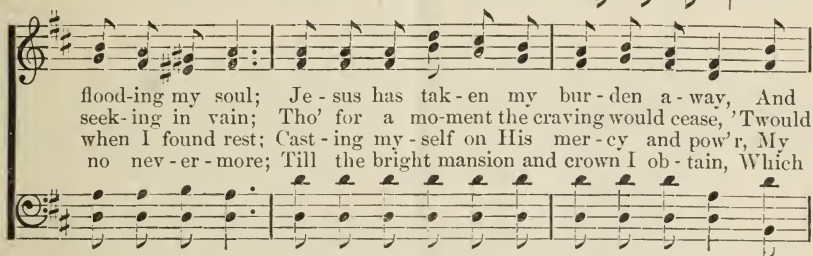
KATE ULMER.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

Joyfully.



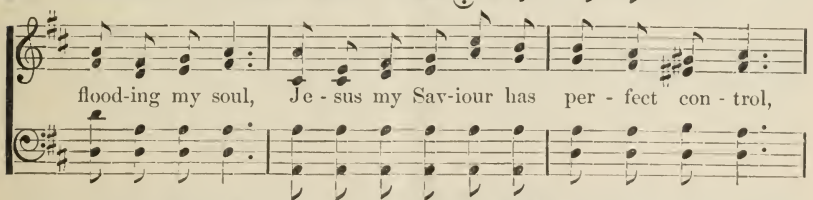
1. Sun-light is flow-ing in full-ness to-day, Flood-ing my soul,
 2. Long had I sought in the world to find peace, Seek-ing in vain,
 3. Well I re-mem-ber the day and the hour, When I found rest,
 4. Nev-er from Him shall I wan-der a-gain, No nev-er-more,



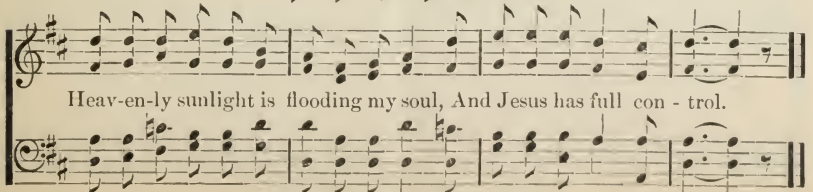
flood-ing my soul; Je-sus has tak-en my bur-den a-way, And
 seek-ing in vain; Tho' for a mo-ment the craving would cease, 'Twould
 when I found rest; Cast-ing my-self on His mer-cy and pow'r, My
 no nev-er-more; Till the bright mansion and crown I ob-tain, Which



CHORUS.
 made me per-fect-ly whole.
 ev-er spring up a-gain. } Heav-en-ly sun-light is
 need of Him I con-fessed.
 He for me has in store.



flood-ing my soul, Je-sus my Sav-iour has per-fect con-trol,



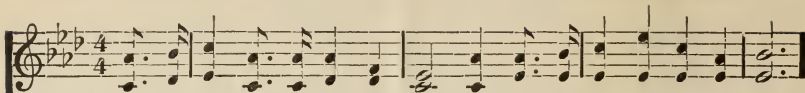
Heav-en-ly sunlight is flooding my soul, And Jesus has full con-trol.

No. 2.

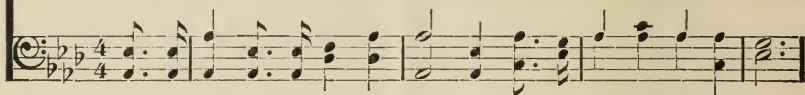
IN THE NAME OF JESUS.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

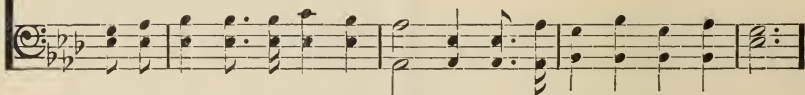
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



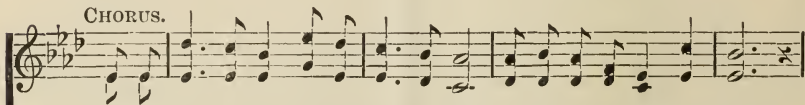
1. There is LIFE in the name of Je - sus, For no oth-er name will save,
2. There is HOPE in the name of Je - sus, Tho' the waves of life may roll,
3. There is JOY in the name of Je - sus, When we make of Him our choice,
4. There is REST in the name of Je - sus, When we lean up-on His breast,



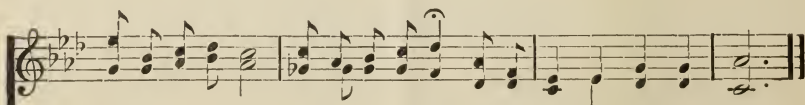
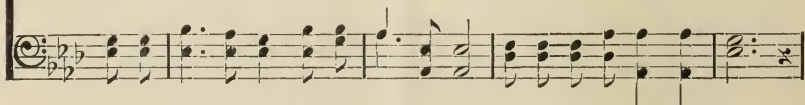
For that name will a-lone ad - mit us To that home be-yond the grave.
 For that name in the hour of dan - ger Is an an - chor to the soul.
 Then thro' life like the sweet-est mu - sic Will that name our hearts re-joice.
 In His name is that sweetest prom-ise, "Come, and I will give you rest."



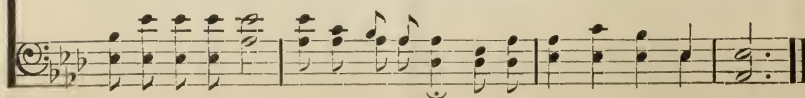
CHORUS.



O that ho - ly name, O that sweetest name, Now and evermore the same!



"Je-sus" is our cry, As the days go by, Blessed be His ho - ly name!



No. 3.

WE'LL SCATTER GOOD SEED.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

H. JAMES PRESTON.

Duet.

1. This life is a gar-den where ac-tion and deed May spring in - to
 2. The kind-ness to oth-ers, which all may be - stow, Will blos-som for
 3. O we must be care-ful of seed that we sow, Up - root-ing the

glad-ness by sow-ing the seed; God gives us a - bund - ant - ly
 heav - en from seed which we sow, The words of sal - va - tion for
 weeds from the soil where they grow; We'll need to keep pray-ing as

sunshine and show'rs, And we may have brambles, or beau - ti - ful flow'rs.
 lost ones will be A crown of re-joic-ing for you and for me.
 on-ward we press, And ask-ing the Sav-iour our ef-forts to bless.

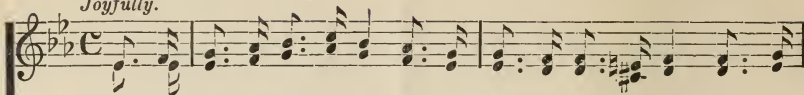
CHORUS.

We'll scatter good seed in word and in deed, And Jesus will bless it, we know;

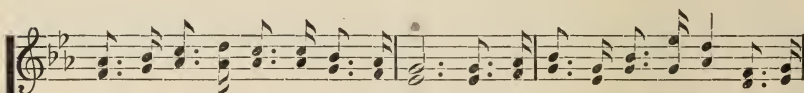
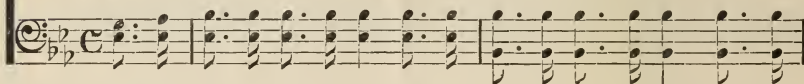
In mer-cy and love, for heaven a-bove, We'll scatter good seed as we go.

JOHN L. NEWKIRK.

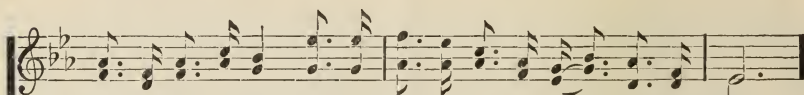
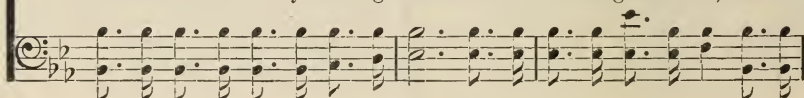
POWELL G. FITHIAN.

Joyfully.

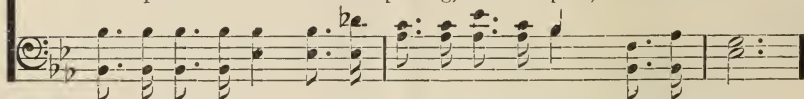
1. In that country bright and fair, So the Word of God declares, Glo-rious
2. Sweet the promise, O how blest! Anxious care shall not mo-lest, Al - ways
3. We have sor-row here be-low; There the tear-drops never flow: Pain and



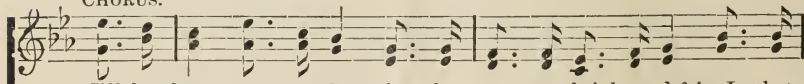
mu - sic of the ransomed fills the air, And in garments pure and white In His
hav-ing, in that country, per-fect rest. Then with Je - sus, by my side I shall
sick-ness in that country cannot go. There with lov'd ones gone before, We shall



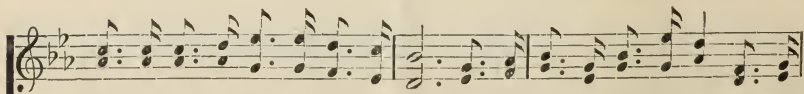
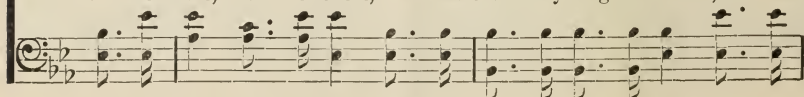
presence they delight, Sing-ing prais-es to the Lord day and night.
ev - er there a-bide, In the man-sion with the Blest, He'll pro- vide.
meet up-on that shore: No more parting, no more pain, nev - er more.



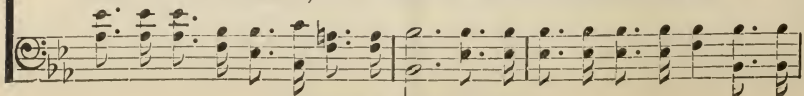
CHORUS.



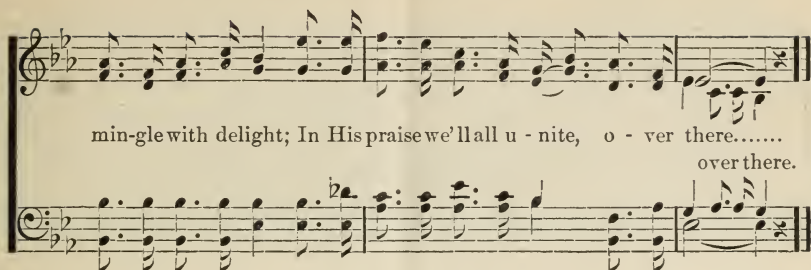
I'll be there, o - ver there, in that coun - try bright and fair, In that



blessed land of sunshine, I'll be there. With the ransomed ones in white, I shall



I'LL BE THERE.—Concluded.

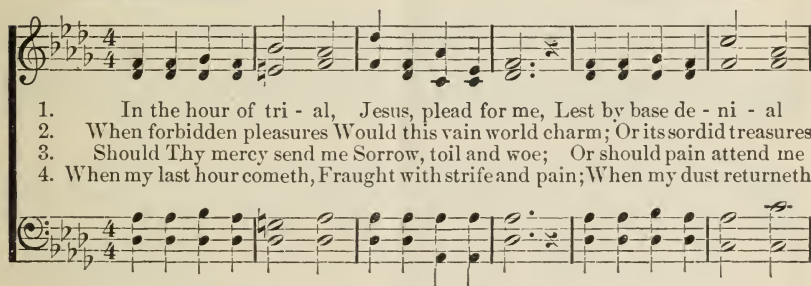


min-gle with delight; In His praise we'll all u - nite, o - ver there.....
over there.

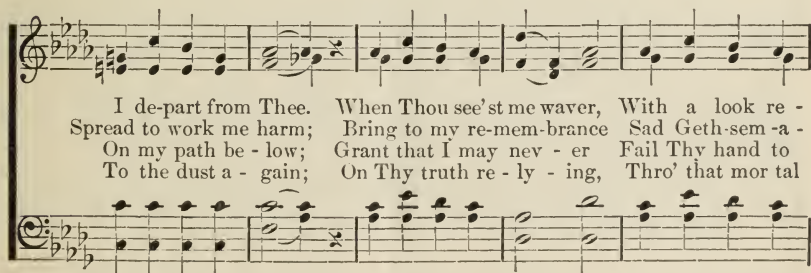
No. 5. IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

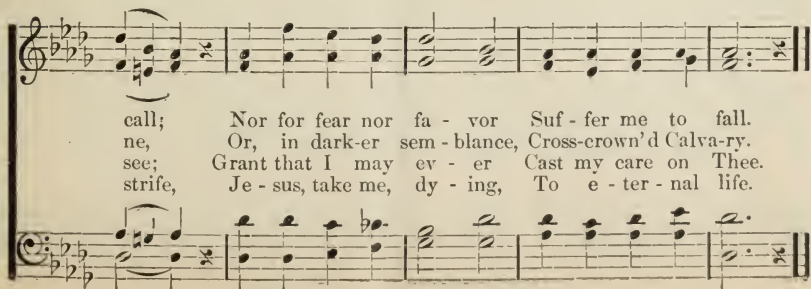
SPENCER LANE.



1. In the hour of tri - al, Jesus, plead for me, Lest by base de - ni - al
2. When forbidden pleasures Would this vain world charm; Or its sordid treasures
3. Should Thy mercy send me Sorrow, toil and woe; Or should pain attend me
4. When my last hour cometh, Fraught with strife and pain; When my dust returneth



I de-part from Thee. When Thou see'st me waver, With a look re -
Spread to work me harm; Bring to my re-mem-brance Sad Geth-sem-a -
On my path be - low; Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to
To the dust a - gain; On Thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro' that mor tal



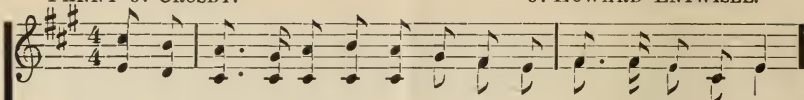
call; Nor for fear nor fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
ne, Or, in dark-er sem - blance, Cross-crown'd Calva-ry.
see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
strife, Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

No. 6.

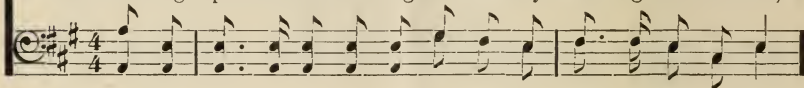
OUR SONG OF VICTORY.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

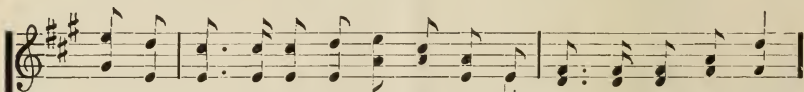
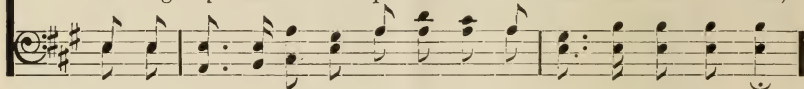
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



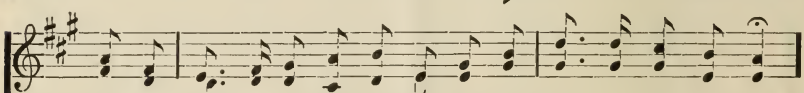
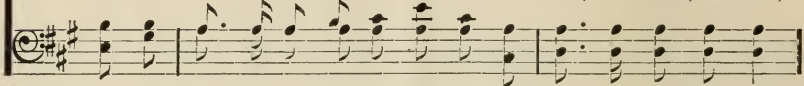
1. Like a strong and might-y ar-my, With a firm and fear-less tread,
2. Like a strong and might-y ar-my May we keep our col-ors bright;
3. Look-ing up as Thou hast taught us To Thy dwell-ing in the skies,—



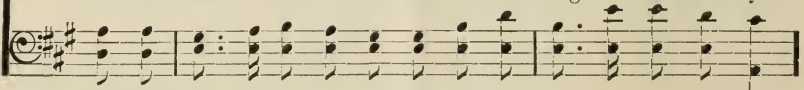
We are march-ing, blessed Sav-iour, By Thy Word and Spir-it led;
In Thy cause, O bless-ed Mas-ter, May we all as one u-nite;
Lift-ing up the souls that per-ish From the death that nev-er dies;



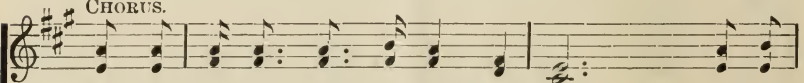
We are go-ing forth to con-quer, And wher-ev-er we may be,
Then, be-liev-ing in Thy promise "As our day our strength shall be,"
Con-se-cra-ted now and ev-er To the work, O Lord, are we,



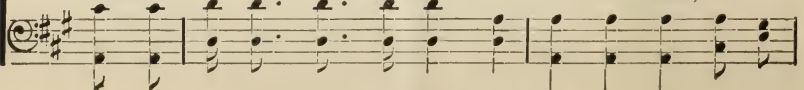
We will cheer each oth-er on-ward With a song of vic-to-ry!
How our foes will fear and trem-ble At the song of vic-to-ry!
'Till we en-ter life e-ter-nal With the song of vic-to-ry!



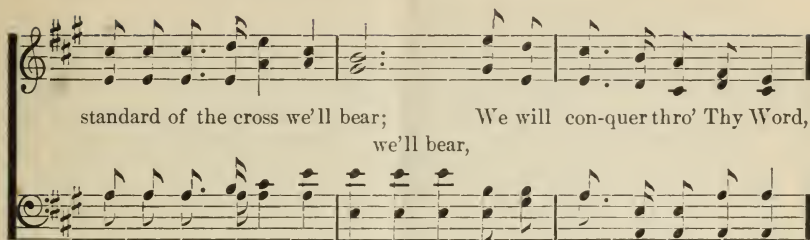
CHORUS.



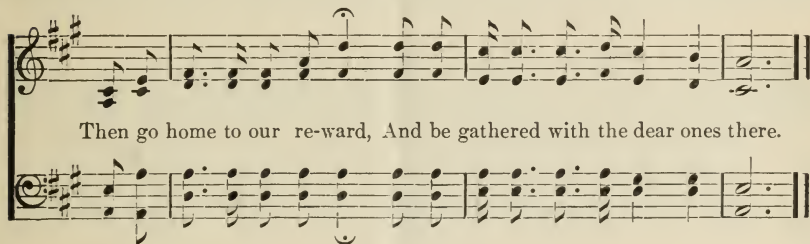
We will bat-tle with the world for Thee, And the
for Thee,



OUR SONG OF VICTORY.—Concluded.



standard of the cross we'll bear; We will con-quer thro' Thy Word,
we'll bear,



Then go home to our re-ward, And be gathered with the dear ones there.

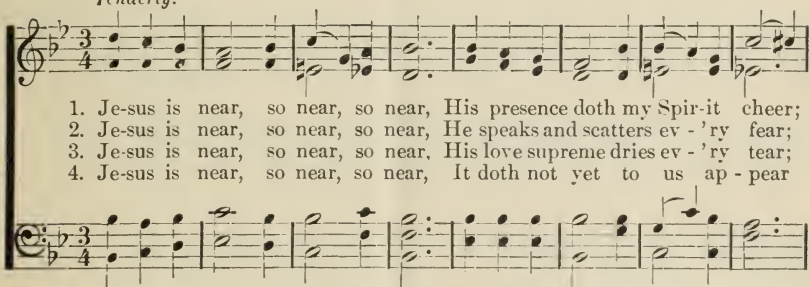
No. 7.

JESUS NEAR.

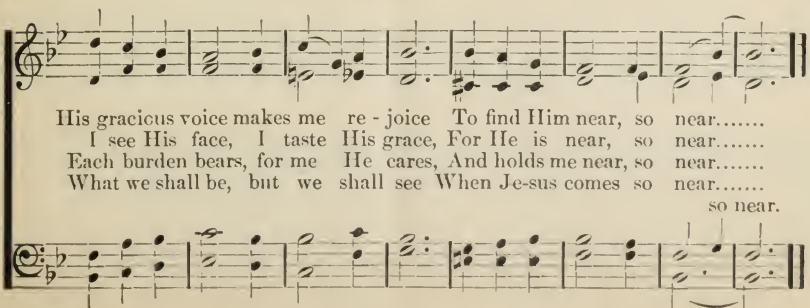
WM. H. CLARK.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

Tenderly.



1. Je-sus is near, so near, so near, His presence doth my Spir-it cheer;
2. Je-sus is near, so near, so near, He speaks and scatters ev-'ry fear;
3. Je-sus is near, so near, so near, His love supreme dries ev-'ry tear;
4. Je-sus is near, so near, so near, It doth not yet to us ap-pear



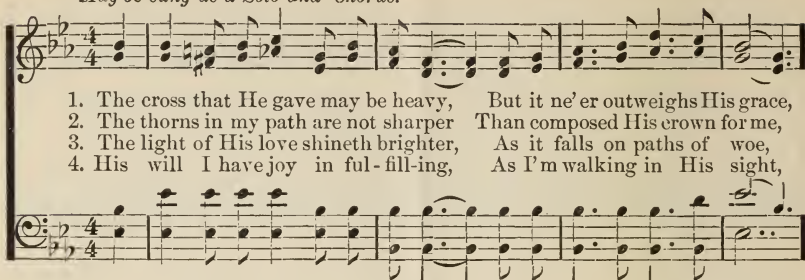
His gracious voice makes me re-joice To find Him near, so near.....
I see His face, I taste His grace, For He is near, so near.....
Each burden bears, for me He cares, And holds me near, so near.....
What we shall be, but we shall see When Je-sus comes so near.....
so near.

No. 8. THE CROSS IS NOT GREATER.

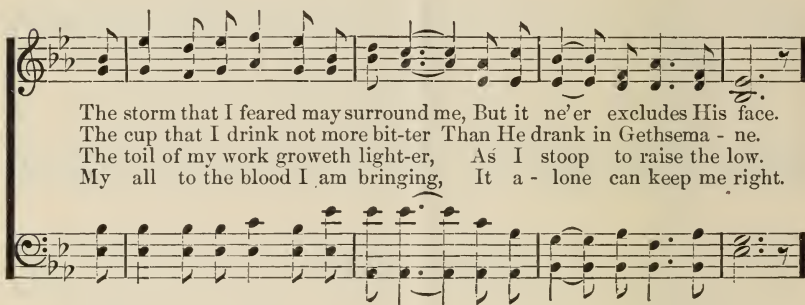
B. B.

COM. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

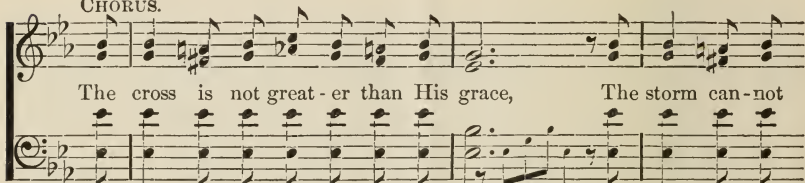


1. The cross that He gave may be heavy, But it ne'er outweighs His grace,
 2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His crown for me,
 3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
 4. His will I havejoy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walking in His sight,

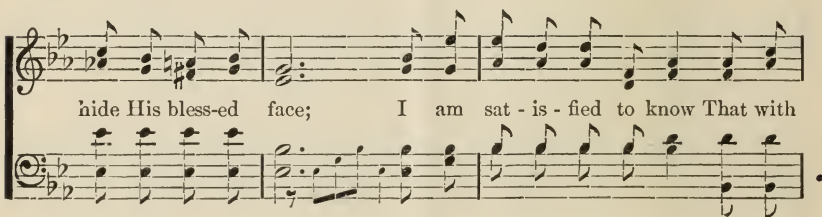


The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
 The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Gethsema - ne.
 The toil of my work groweth light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.
 My all to the blood I am bringing, It a - lone can keep me right.

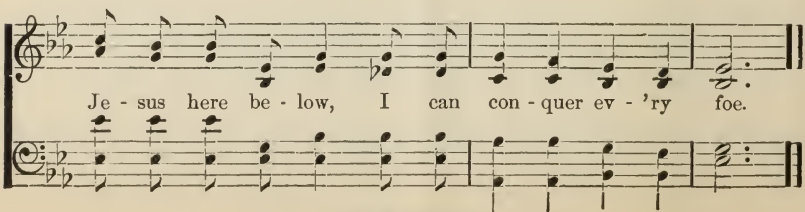
CHORUS.



The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm can-not



hide His bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to know That with



Je - sus here be - low, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.

"Not one of them is forgotten before God,"—Luke 12: 6.

E. E. HEWITT.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. There's a word of ten - der beauty In the say - ings of our Lord,
 2. Though I'm least of all His children, So un - wor - thy of His love,
 3. O the wounded hands of Je - sus All the springs of life con - trol,

How it stirs my heart to mu - sic, Wak - ing grat - i - tude's sweet chord;
 Yet, for me there's kind re - membrance In the Fa - ther - heart a - bove;
 Is there an - y ill can harm me While His blood is on my soul?

For it tells me that "Our Father," From His throne of roy - al might,
 He will ev - er save and keep me; He will guide me on the way,
 Let me, like the lit - tle spar - row, Trust Him where I can - not see,

CHO.—In my Fa - ther's bless - ed keep - ing I am hap - py, safe, and free;

Chorus D. S.

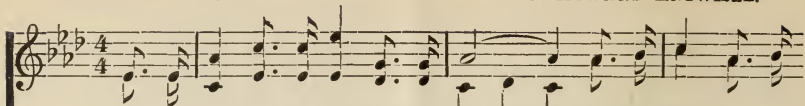
Bends to note a fall - ing spar - row, For 'tis pre - cious in His sight.
 For my Sav - iour gen - tly whispers, "Are ye not much more than they?"
 In the sun - shine and the shad - ow, Sing - ing, He will care for me.

While His eye is on the spar - row I will not for - got - ten be.

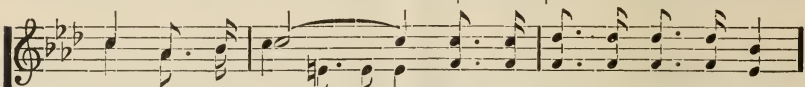
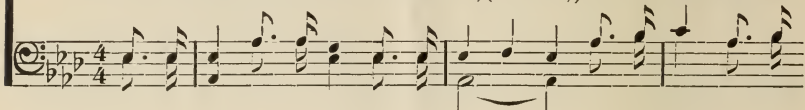
No. 10. IN THE STRENGTH OF THE LORD.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

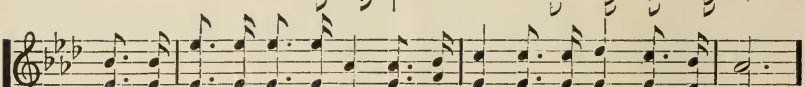
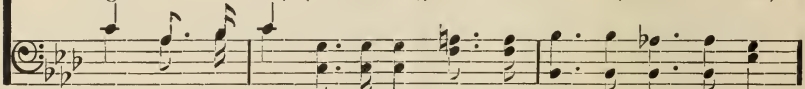
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



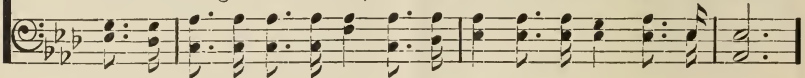
1. In the strength of the Lord we will go, (will go,) With our face ev - er
2. In the arm of the Lord we will trust, (will trust,) He is right - eous and
3. In the cause of the Lord we will win, (will win,) In the con - flict of



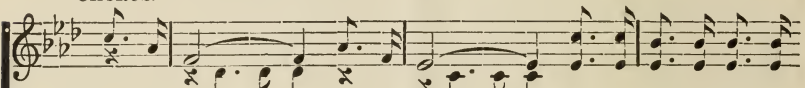
turned to the foe, (to the foe,) We will nev - er, nev - er yield,
might - y and just; (He is just;) We will nev - er, nev - er fail,
right o - ver sin; (o - ver sin;) We will nev - er, nev - er fall,



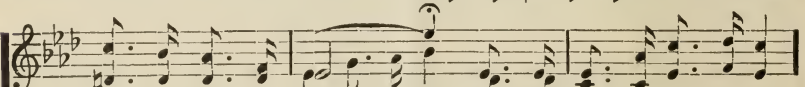
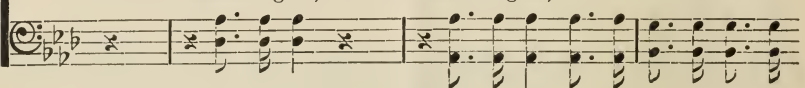
With sal - va - tion as our shield, In the strength of the Lord we will go.
For our Captain will prevail, In the arm of the Lord we will trust.
For our King is o - ver all, In the cause of the Lord we will win.



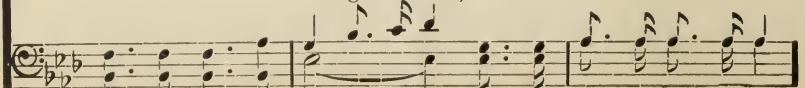
CHORUS.



Marching on..... marching on..... To the hap - py land of
Marching on, marching on,



Ca - naan, bright and fair..... When the Cap - tain calls His own,
bright and fair,



IN THE STRENGTH OF THE LORD.—Concluded.

rit. ad lib.

To the mansions 'round the throne, Praise His name! Hallelujah! we'll be there!

This block contains the musical notation for the first system of the song. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

No. 11. AH, NO, I'LL NOT FORGET.

HARRIET E. JONES.

H. JAMES PRESTON.

1. Can I for-get the sa-cred spot Where Je-sus made me whole,
2. How bright the sun that blessed day! The woods and streams were glad,
3. Yet, still more fair and lovelier far Than sun, wood, field or stream,

This block contains the musical notation for the first system of the second song. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Where such a change in me was wrought That glory filled my soul?
And all the fields that 'round me lay In fair - er robes were clad,
Is He, the "bright and Morning Star," Who did my soul re - deem.

This block contains the musical notation for the second system of the second song. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.

Ah, no, I nev - er can for-get, Nor cease to tell the sto - ry;


This block contains the musical notation for the chorus of the second song. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Where I the King of heav-en met, Who filled my soul with glo - ry.


This block contains the musical notation for the final system of the second song. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. C. HUGG.


Slow, and with great feeling.


1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
 2. No friend like Him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
 4. Did ev - er saint find this friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
 5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!




None else could heal all our soul's dis eas-es, No, not one! no, not one!
 And yet no friend is so meek and low ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
 Or sin-ner find that He would not take Him? No, not one! no, not one!
 Will He re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.



Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles: He will guide till the day is done.



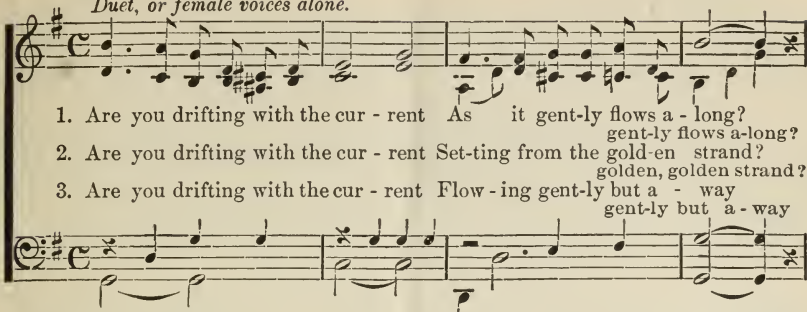
There's not a friend like the low - ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!

No. 13.

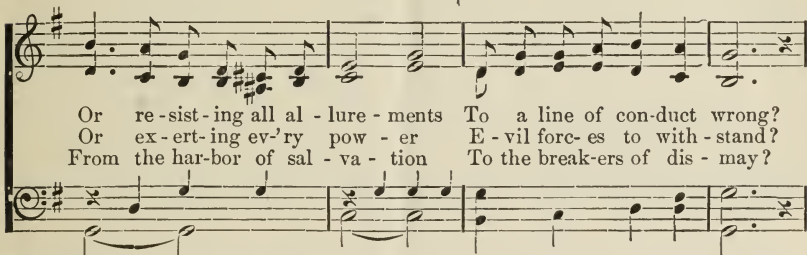
ARE YOU DRIFTING?

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

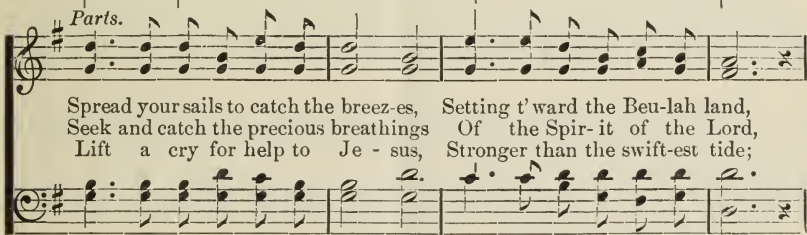
POWELL G. FITHIAN.

Duet, or female voices alone.


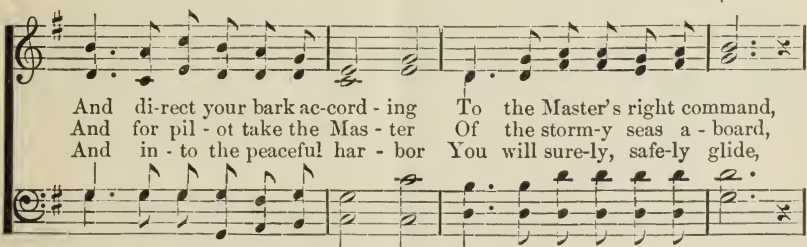
1. Are you drifting with the cur - rent As it gent-ly flows a - long?
gent-ly flows a-long?
2. Are you drifting with the cur - rent Set-ting from the gold-en strand?
golden, golden strand?
3. Are you drifting with the cur - rent Flow-ing gent-ly but a - way
gent-ly but a - way



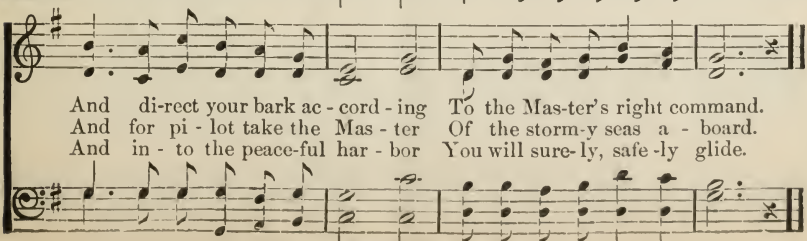
Or re-sist-ing all al-lure-ments To a line of con-duct wrong?
Or ex-ert-ing ev-'ry pow-er E-vil forc-es to with-stand?
From the har-bor of sal-va-tion To the break-ers of dis-may?



Parts.
Spread your sails to catch the breez-es, Setting t'ward the Beau-lah land,
Seek and catch the precious breathings Of the Spir-it of the Lord,
Lift a cry for help to Je-sus, Stronger than the swift-est tide;



And di-rect your bark ac-cord-ing To the Mas-ter's right command,
And for pil-ot take the Mas-ter Of the storm-y seas a-board,
And in-to the peaceful har-bor You will sure-ly, safe-ly glide,

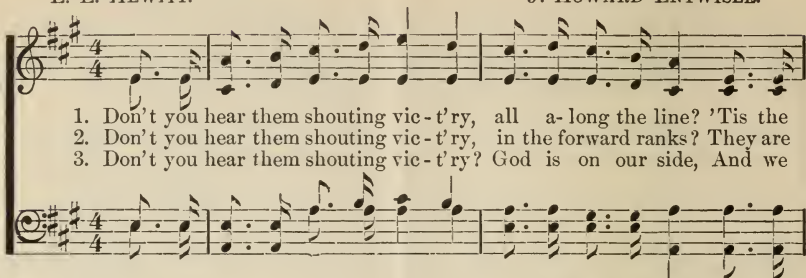


And di-rect your bark ac-cord-ing To the Mas-ter's right command.
And for pi-lot take the Mas-ter Of the storm-y seas a-board.
And in-to the peace-ful har-bor You will sure-ly, safe-ly glide.

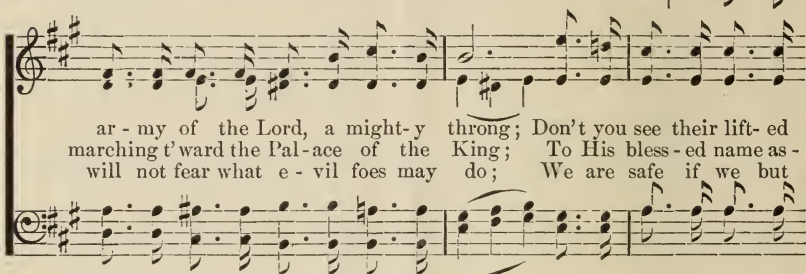
No. 14. DON'T YOU HEAR THEM SHOUTING VICTORY?

E. E. HEWITT.

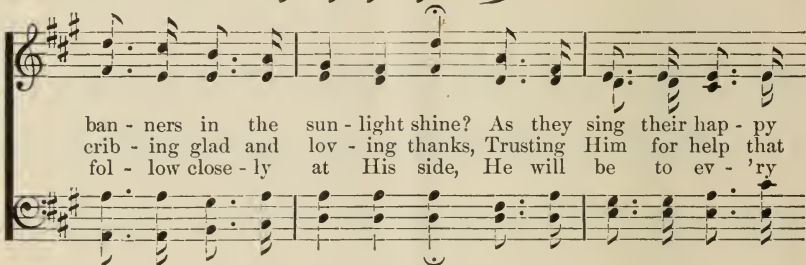
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



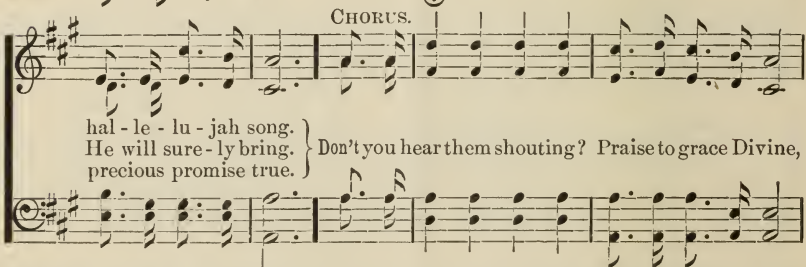
1. Don't you hear them shouting vic-t'ry, all a-long the line? 'Tis the
 2. Don't you hear them shouting vic-t'ry, in the forward ranks? They are
 3. Don't you hear them shouting vic-t'ry? God is on our side, And we



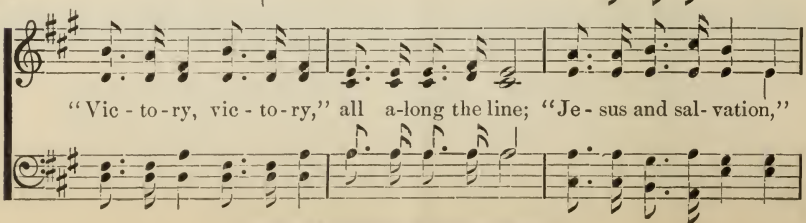
ar-my of the Lord, a might-y throng; Don't you see their lift-ed
 marching t'ward the Pal-ace of the King; To His bless-ed name as-
 will not fear what e-vil foes may do; We are safe if we but



ban-ners in the sun-light shine? As they sing their hap-py
 crib-ing glad and lov-ing thanks, Trusting Him for help that
 fol-low close-ly at His side, He will be to ev-'ry



CHORUS.
 hal-le-lu-jah song. }
 He will sure-ly bring. } Don't you hear them shouting? Praise to grace Divine,
 precious promise true. }



"Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry," all a-long the line; "Je-sus and sal-va-tion,"

DON'T YOU HEAR THEM, etc.—Concluded.

that's the countersign; "Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry," all a - long the line!

No. 15.

JESUS BIDS US SHINE.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. Je - sus bids us shine, With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
 2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees and
 3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of
 4. Je - sus bids us shine In our work for Him, Bring - ing lit - tle

can - dle Burn - ing in the night, In this world of dark - ness,
 knows it If our light is dim; He looks down from heav - en,
 dark - ness In this world a - bound, Sin and want and sor - row;
 chil - dren From the paths of sin; He will ev - er help us,

We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
 Sees us shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
 We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
 If we shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.

W. L. T.

WILL. L. THOMPSON.

Very slow.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, — Call - ing for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, — Plead - ing for
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the moments are pass - ing, — Pass - ing from
 4. O, for the won - der - ful love He has promised, — Promised for

you and for me. See on the por - tals He's wait - ing and watch - ing, —
 you and for me? Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, —
 you and from me. Shadows are gath - er - ing, death - beds are com - ing, —
 you and for me. Though we have sinned He has mercy and par - don, —

REFRAIN.

Watching for you and for me. Come home, come home,
 Mer - cies for you and for me? }
 Com - ing for you and for me. Come home, come home,
 Par - don for you and for me.

Ye who are wea - ry, come home; Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly,

Je - sus is call - ing, — Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

1. Sav-iour, pi - lot me o'er life's stormy sea, Thou art Mas - ter of the
 2. Dark the shadows lie, hark the winds are high, Yet the tem - pest must o -
 3. We shall an - chor cast, when safe home at last, In the bless - ed port with -

o - cean wild. With Thy mighty hand Thou dost worlds command; Je - sus,
 bey Thy will. Tho' the bil - lows roll, still Thou dost con trol, Say Thou
 in the vail. No more storms of night; nev - er fad - ing light; No more

CHORUS.

guard and guide Thy trusting child. } Guard me, guide me,
 to the waters, "Peace, be still." }
 per - ils for my bark so frail. } Guard me, dear Saviour, guide me for ev - er

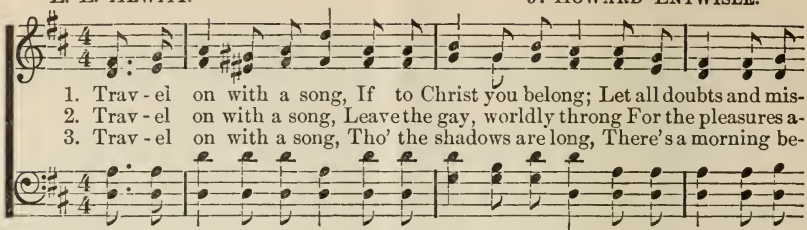
Safe - ly o'er all life's storm - y main; Guard me,
 Guard me, dear Sav - iour,

Guide me, Till in glo - ry with my Lord I reign.
 Guide me for ev - er,

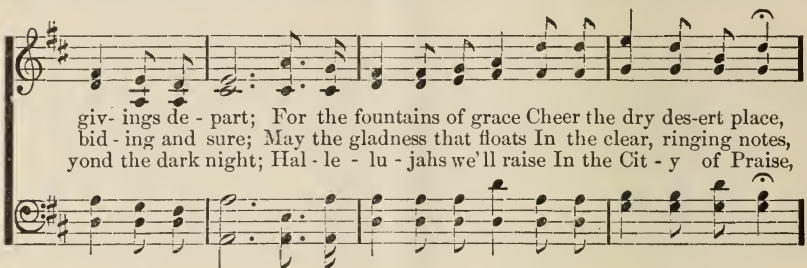
No. 18. TRAVEL ON WITH A SONG.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

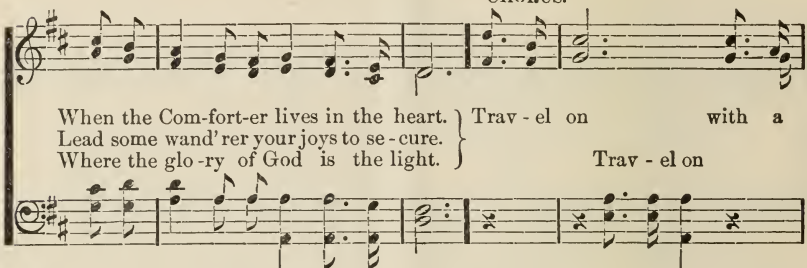


1. Trav - el on with a song, If to Christ you belong; Let all doubts and mis-
 2. Trav - el on with a song, Leave the gay, worldly throng For the pleasures a-
 3. Trav - el on with a song, Tho' the shadows are long, There's a morning be-

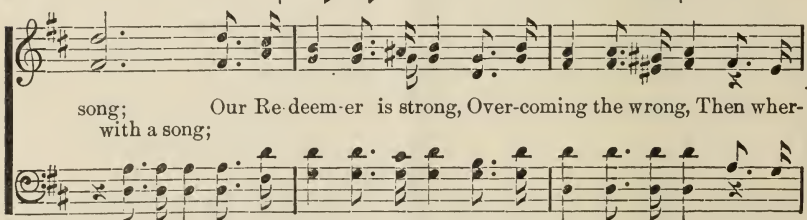


giv - ings de - part; For the fountains of grace Cheer the dry des-ert place,
 bid - ing and sure; May the gladness that floats In the clear, ringing notes,
 yond the dark night; Hal - le - lu - jahs we'll raise In the Cit - y of Praise,

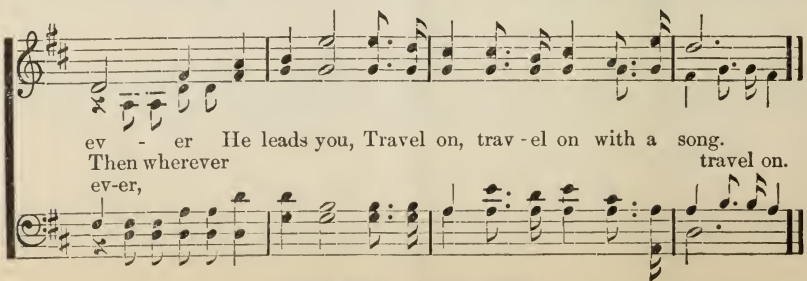
CHORUS.



When the Com-fort-er lives in the heart. } Trav - el on with a
 Lead some wand'r-er your joys to se-cure. }
 Where the glo-ry of God is the light. } Trav - el on



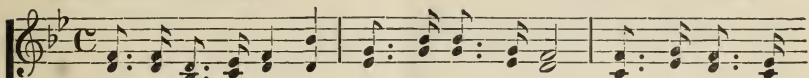
song; Our Re-deem-er is strong, Over-coming the wrong, Then wher-
 with a song;



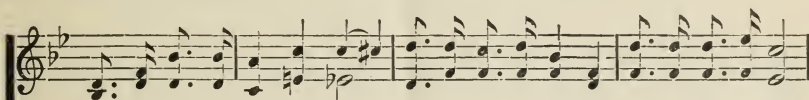
ev - er He leads you, Travel on, trav-el on with a song.
 Then wherever travel on.
 ev-er,

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

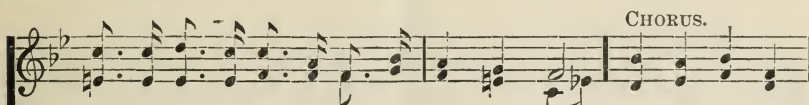
POWELL G. FITHIAN.



1. Arm - y of sal - va - tion, hear the trum - pet call; Go ye forth to
 2. Arm - y of sal - va - tion, con - quer! for ye must Fight till sin is
 3. Arm - y of sal - va - tion, let thy fears be o'er; Smite where he - roes

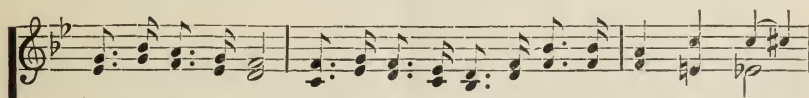


battle, break sin's mighty wall! Crowns and thrones must perish, kings and kingdoms fall,
 vanquished, buried in the dust; Right shall be triumphant, God is true and just;
 nev - er dared to smite be - fore; Christ shall reign in glory, doubt it nevermore;

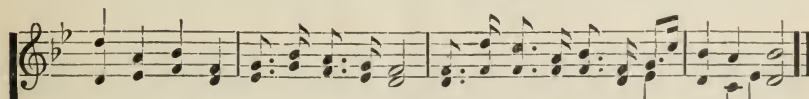


CHORUS.

Till is crowned our Christ, the Saviour, "Lord of all." }
 In His pow'r the great Al - might - y ye may trust. } For - ward! for - ward!
 All the world shall own Him Saviour, and a - dore. }



heed the bat - tle - cry; Hail sal - va - tion's banner; lift the stand - ard high;



Forward! forward! fighting till ye die, Ye shall gain the vic - to - ry by and by.

E. E. HEWITT.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. A-drift on the wa-ters, so dark and so cold, A - far from the beau-ti-ful
 2. O, I was the sin-ner a-lone on the sea, But love's blessed signals were
 3. I stepped in the life-boat, provided for me, And Je-sus my Pi-lot, my
 4. Life's tur-bulent surges are kissed into peace, The beacons are shining and

cit-y of gold, A ves-sel is sink-ing, for heav-y the gale, The
 float-ing for me; Tho' thunders were rolling and bil-lows at strife, Lo,
 Cap-tain will be; His bos-om my ref-uge, my "ha-ven of rest," I'm
 songs nev-er cease; Fair moonbeams, bright sunshine, illumine the tide, While

ca-ble is broken, and tattered each sail.
 Je-sus was calling, "Escape for thy life."
 rescued from shipwreck, so happy and blest. } Poor child of the wreck, see the
 onward to glo-ry we'll joy-ful-ly glide.

D.S.—Je-sus, King Je-sus, "the mighty to save."

life-boat is near, A sweet voice is heard, for the Mas-ter is

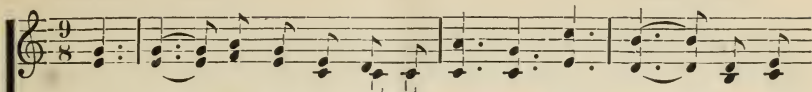
here; He walks ev-'ry bil-low, con-trols ev-'ry wave: 'Tis

No. 21. MINE EYES SHALL BEHOLD HIM.

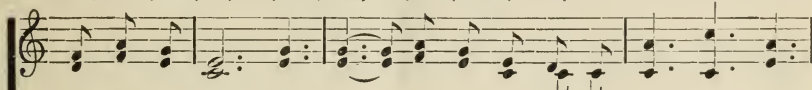
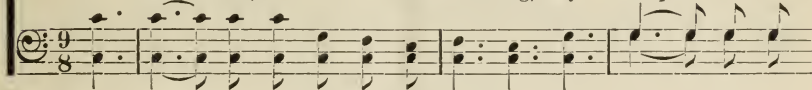
FANNY J. CROSBY.

Psalm 17: 15.

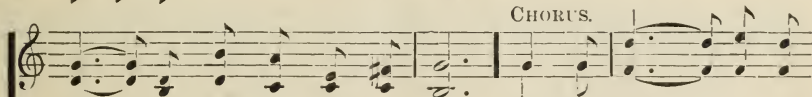
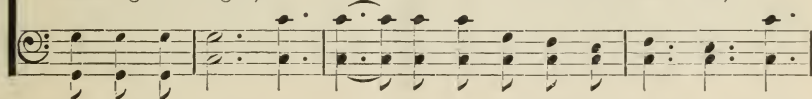
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I know not the hour of His com-ing, Nor how He will
2. I know not the bliss that a-waits me, At rest with my
3. Per-haps in the midst of my la-bor, A voice from my
4. I know not, but O I am watch-ing, My lamp ev-er

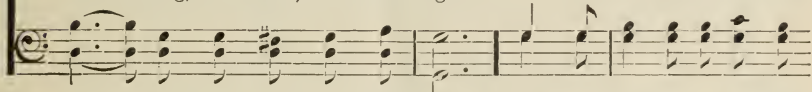


speak to my heart; Or wheth-er at morn-ing or mid-day, My
Sav-iour a-bove; I know not how soon I shall en-ter, And
Lord I shall hear; Per-haps in the slum-ber of mid-night, Its
burn-ing and bright; I know not if Je-sus will call me, At

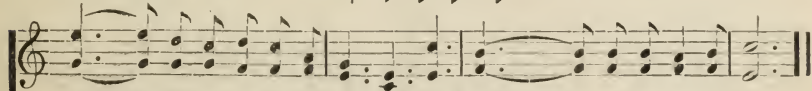


CHORUS.

spir-it to Him will de-part. But I know..... I shall
bathe in the o-cean of love.
mes-sage may fall on my ear.
morn-ing, at noon, or at night. I know



wake in the like-ness of Him I am long-ing to see; I
Of Him

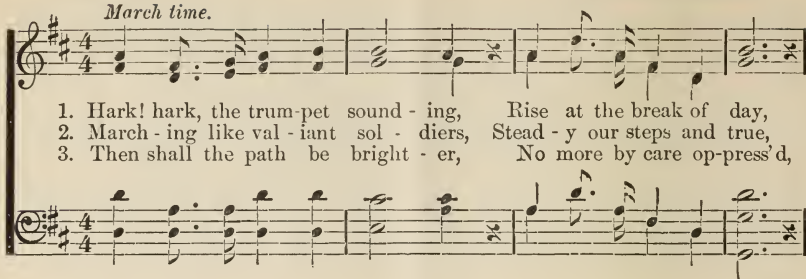


know that mine eyes shall be-hold Him, And that..... is e-nough for me.
I know is e-nough,

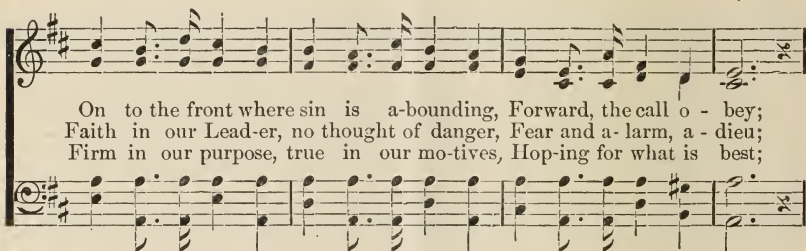


J. H. E.

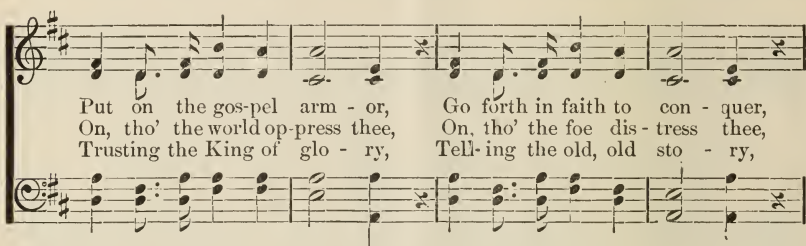
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

March time.


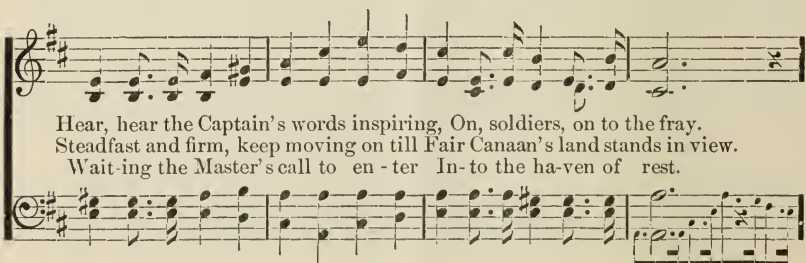
1. Hark! hark, the trum-pet sound - ing, Rise at the break of day,
 2. March - ing like val - iant sol - diers, Stead - y our steps and true,
 3. Then shall the path be bright - er, No more by care op-press'd,



On to the front where sin is a-bounding, Forward, the call o - bey;
 Faith in our Lead-er, no thought of danger, Fear and a-larm, a - dieu;
 Firm in our purpose, true in our mo-tives, Hop-ing for what is best;

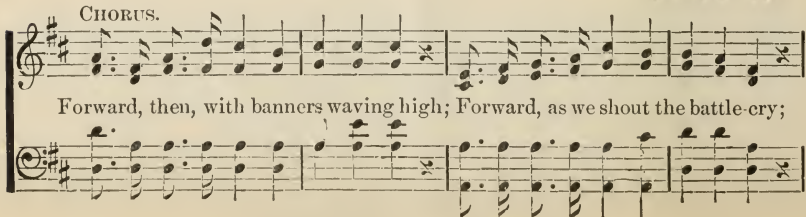


Put on the gos-pel arm - or, Go forth in faith to con - quer,
 On, tho' the world op-press thee, On, tho' the foe dis - tress thee,
 Trusting the King of glo - ry, Tell-ing the old, old sto - ry,



Hear, hear the Captain's words inspiring, On, soldiers, on to the fray.
 Steadfast and firm, keep moving on till Fair Canaan's land stands in view.
 Wait-ing the Master's call to en - ter In-to the ha-ven of rest.

CHORUS.



Forward, then, with banners waving high; Forward, as we shout the battle-cry;

ON TO VICTORY.—Concluded.

On - ward in the con - flict, hop - ing, trust - ing, On to vic - to - ry!

No. 23.

ABIDE WITH ME.

H. F. LYTE.

EVENTIDE. 10s.

WM. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

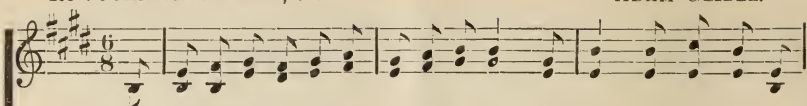
deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy - self, my
gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn - ing breaks and

fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 24. GOD SENDS US NOTHING BUT BLESSINGS.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

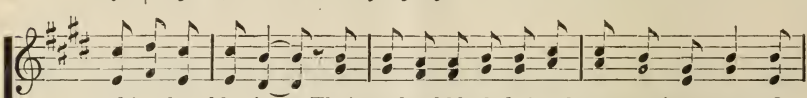
ADAM GEIBEL.



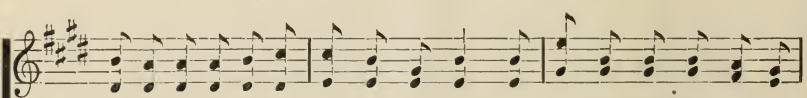
1. How happy we'd be could we but understand, God sends us noth- ing but
2. While sin may cause havoc and death and despair, God sends us nothing but
3. So we will take from Him whate'er He may give, God sends us nothing but



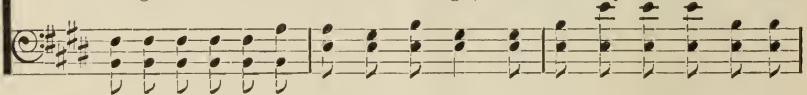
blessings; No matter what we may receive from His hand, God sends us
 blessings; We bring on ourselves many ills that we share, God sends us
 blessings; We'll trust Him and praise Him as long as we live, God sends us



nothing but blessings; Tho' we should be led o'er the mountain so steep, Or
 nothing but blessings; He sends us the sunshine to bright-en our way, The
 nothing but blessings; He gave His dear Son for poor sin-ners to die, That



have to pass thro' where the waters are deep, The Fa-ther has willed it, so
 beau-ti-ful stars at the close of the day, His Spir-it a-bides with His
 we might live with Him for-ev-er on high, Then clear-ly we'll see in the



CHORUS.



why should we weep? God sends us noth-ing but bless-ings. }
 peo-ple al-way, God sends us noth-ing but bless-ings. } No, nothing but
 great by and by, God sends us noth-ing but bless-ings. }



GOD SENDS US NOTHING BUT BLESSINGS.—Concluded.

blessings can come from above, Sent down from the Father of infinite love; What-
 e'er we receive, oh, may we believe God sends us nothing but bless-ings.

No. 25. IN OUR DEAR LORD'S GARDEN.

E. S. A.

PRIMARY SONG.

CHAS EDW. PRIOR.

1. In the dear Lord's gar - den, Planted here be - low, Ma ny ti - ny
 2. Christ, the loving Gard - 'ner, Tends these blossoms small; Loves the little
 3. Lord, Thy call we an - swer, Take us in Thy care; Train us in Thy

f REFRAIN.

flow - 'rets, In sweet beauty grow.
 lil - ies, As the ce-dars tall. } Je-sus calls the children, Bids them
 gar - den, In Thy work to share.

come and stand In His pleas-ant gar - den, Watered by His hand.

KATE ULMER.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

DUET. *Grazioso.*

1. Sweetest les - sons faith may gath - er, In the word..... of
 2. Pre-cious prom - is - es a - bun - dant, From its ho - ly
 3. Here we learn the won-drous sto - ry Of the man - ger
 4. Book all oth - er books sur-pass - ing, Staff sup-port - ing

truth re - vealed; Book dis-clos - ing God's high coun - sels, By His
 pa - ges shine; Bea-cons point - ing ev - er up - ward, To the
 and the cross; Of the love that went to Cal - v'ry, To re -
 a - ged feet; Childhood's years, bright youth and man-hood, Find in

CHORUS.

Ho - ly Spir-it sealed.
 source..... of help di - vine.
 deem..... our souls from loss.
 thee..... a guide com-plete. } Sa-cred treasure, may we prize it

More and more each passing day; Lamp to light us, bread to
 More, yes, more and more

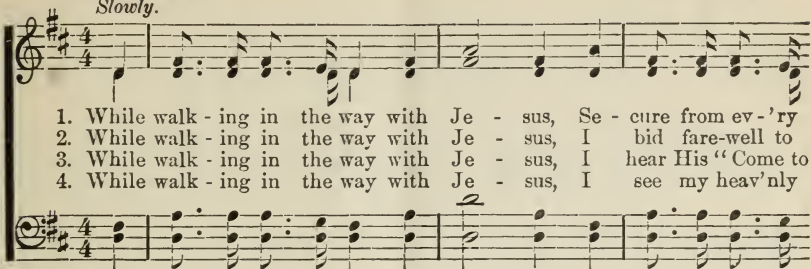
feed us, As we take..... our heav'nward way.
 our heav'nward

No. 27. WALKING IN THE WAY WITH JESUS.

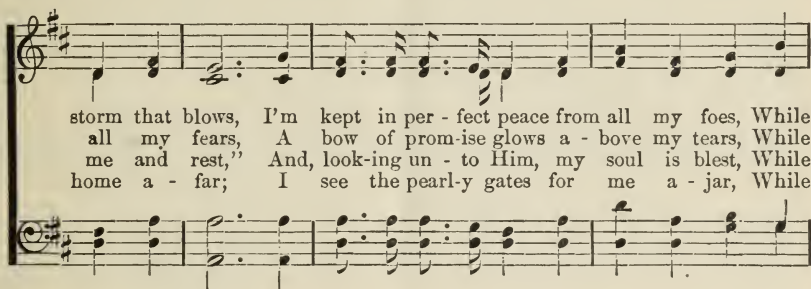
LIDA M. KECK.

J. M. BLACK.

Slowly.

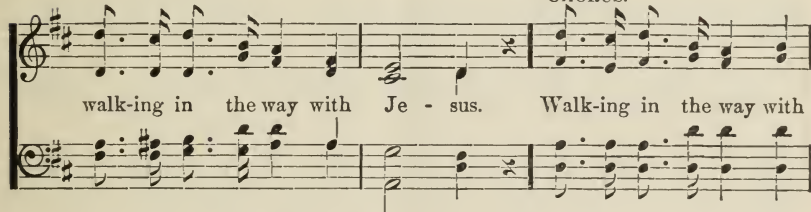


1. While walk - ing in the way with Je - sus, Se - cure from ev - 'ry
 2. While walk - ing in the way with Je - sus, I bid fare-well to
 3. While walk - ing in the way with Je - sus, I hear His "Come to
 4. While walk - ing in the way with Je - sus, I see my heav'nly

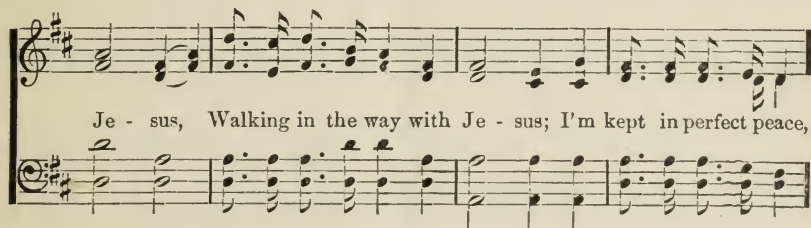


storm that blows, I'm kept in per - fect peace from all my foes, While
 all my fears, A bow of prom - ise glows a - bove my tears, While
 me and rest," And, look - ing un - to Him, my soul is blest, While
 home a - far; I see the pearl - y gates for me a - jar, While

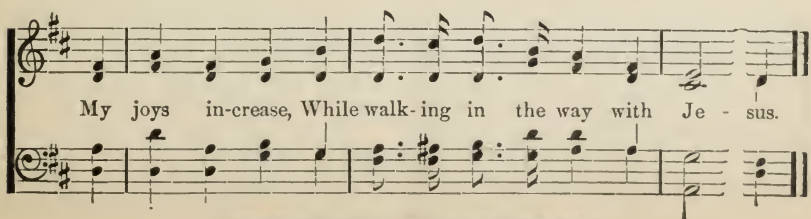
CHORUS.



walk - ing in the way with Je - sus. Walk - ing in the way with



Je - sus, Walking in the way with Je - sus; I'm kept in perfect peace,



My joys in - crease, While walk - ing in the way with Je - sus.

No. 28. THERE'S NO LOVE LIKE HIS LOVE FOR ME.

JOHN L. NEWKIRK.

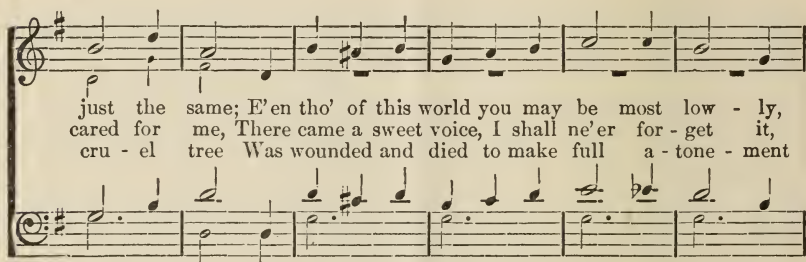
SOLO OR DUET.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

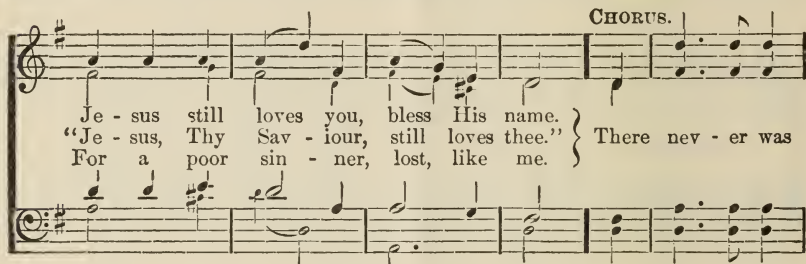
With tenderness.



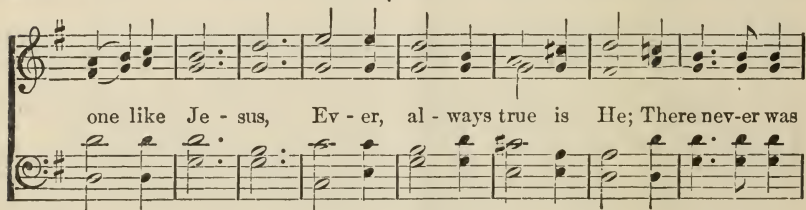
1. There's no love to me like the love of Je - sus, Ev - er, al - ways
 2. When far, far a - way, and in con - dem - na - tion, Feel - ing no one
 3. Oh, won - der - ful love is the love of Je - sus, Who on Cal - v'ry's



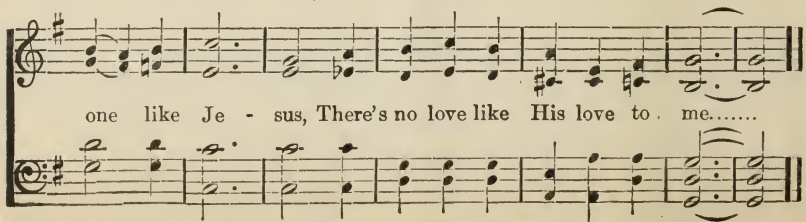
just the same; E'en tho' of this world you may be most low - ly,
 cared for me, There came a sweet voice, I shall ne'er for - get it,
 cru - el tree Was wounded and died to make full a - tone - ment



CHORUS.
 Je - sus still loves you, bless His name.
 "Je - sus, Thy Sav - iour, still loves thee."
 For a poor sin - ner, lost, like me. } There nev - er was



one like Je - sus, Ev - er, al - ways true is He; There nev - er was

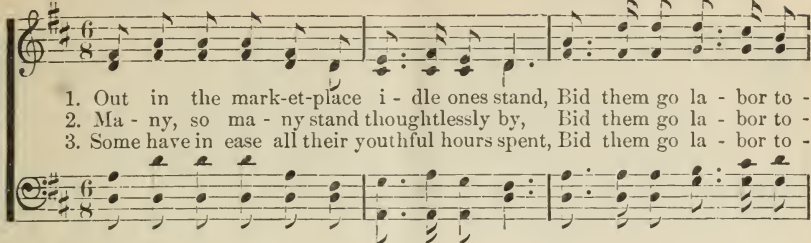


one like Je - sus, There's no love like His love to me.....

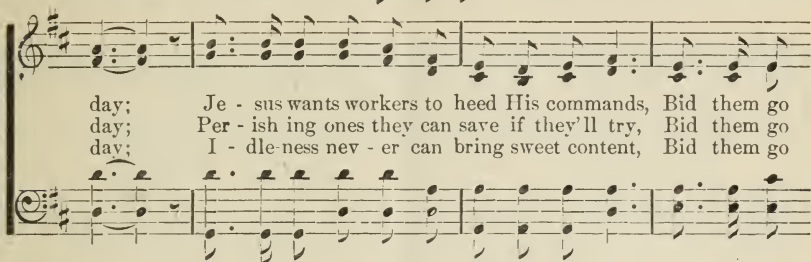
JNO. R. CLEMENTS.

Matt. 20: 3.

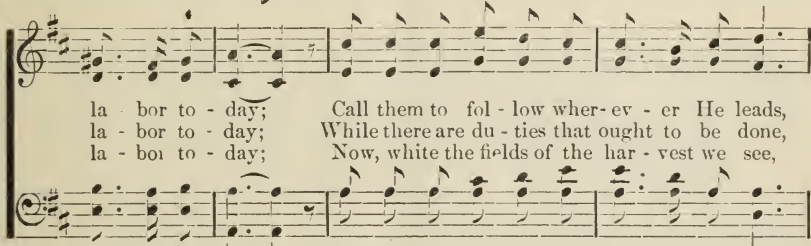
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



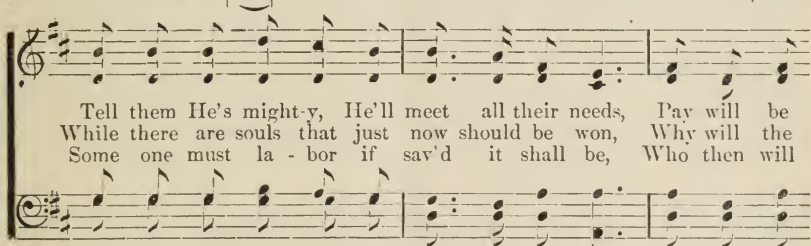
1. Out in the mark-et-place i - dle ones stand, Bid them go la - bor to -
 2. Ma - ny, so ma - ny stand thoughtlessly by, Bid them go la - bor to -
 3. Some have in ease all their youthful hours spent, Bid them go la - bor to -



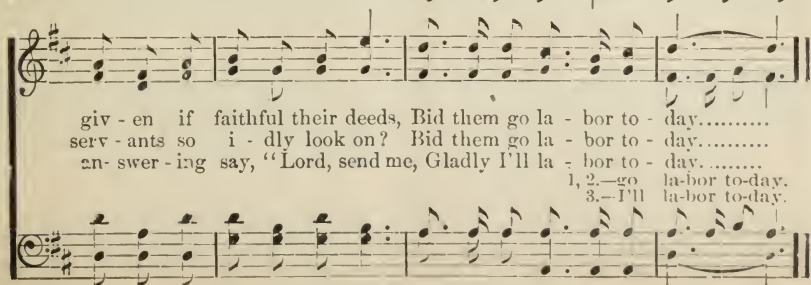
day; Je - sus wants workers to heed His commands, Bid them go
 day; Per - ish ing ones they can save if they'll try, Bid them go
 day; I - dle-ness nev - er can bring sweet content, Bid them go



la - bor to - day; Call them to fol - low wher - ev - er He leads,
 la - bor to - day; While there are du - ties that ought to be done,
 la - bor to - day; Now, white the fields of the har - vest we see,



Tell them He's might-y, He'll meet all their needs, Pay will be
 While there are souls that just now should be won, Why will the
 Some one must la - bor if sav'd it shall be, Who then will

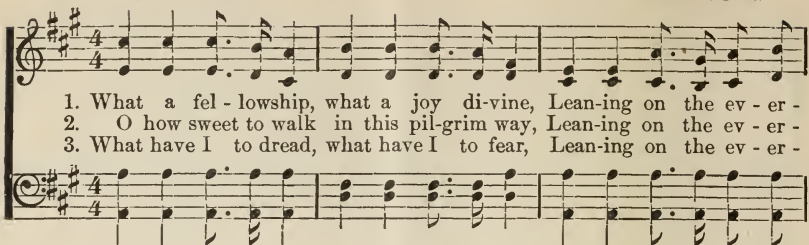


giv - en if faithful their deeds, Bid them go la - bor to - day.....
 serv - ants so i - dly look on? Bid them go la - bor to - day.....
 an - swer - ing say, "Lord, send me, Gladly I'll la - bor to - day.....
 1, 2.—go la-bor to-day.
 3.—I'll la-bor to-day.

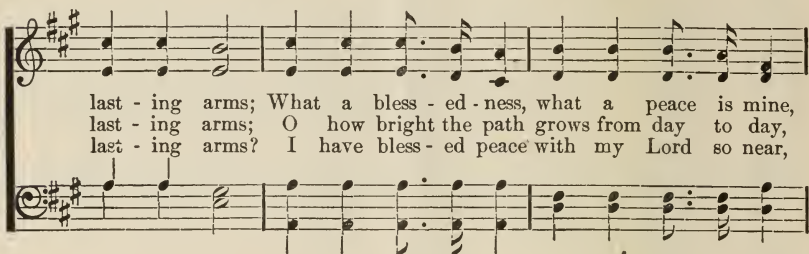
No. 30. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

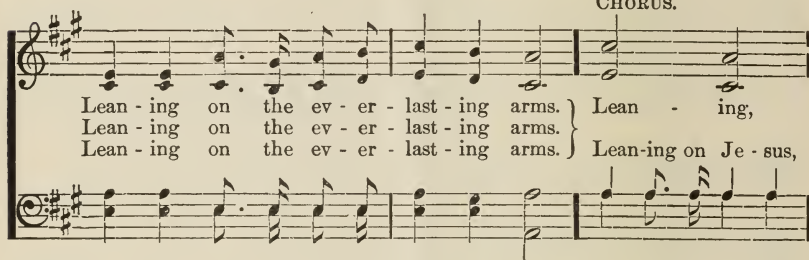


1. What a fel - lowship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
 2. O how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er -

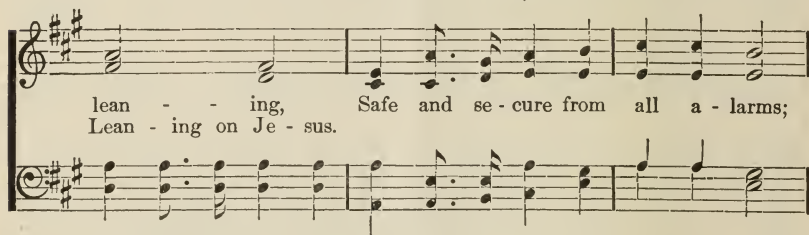


last - ing arms; What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine,
 last - ing arms; O how bright the path grows from day to day,
 last - ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

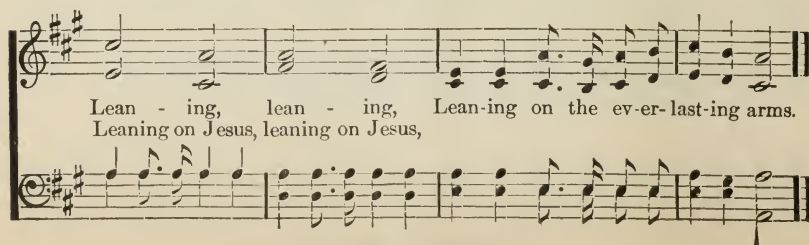
CHORUS.



Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. } Lean - ing,
 Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. }
 Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. } Lean-ing on Je - sus,



lean - - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
 Lean - ing on Je - sus.



Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
 Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Moderato.

1. Tell me o'er and o'er a-gain, while the bells are ringing, Tell me of the
 2. Tell me of the gilded rocks lit with sudden glo-ry, Tell me of the
 3. Tell me how the an-gels sang joy to ev-'ry na-tion, Tell me how the

King of men, earth's redemption bringing; Tell me of the Town of old,
 dreaming flocks and the Christmas sto-ry; Tell me o'er and o'er a-gain,
 cho-rus rang o-ver all cre-a-tion; Tell, oh, tell the wondrous theme

Where a wondrous Star of Gold Of the Saviour's coming told, Tell me of the King.
 How the watching Shepherdmen Saw the Star from vale and glen, Tell me of the King.
 Of the King of kings supreme, Born the people to redeem, Tell me of the King.

CHORUS. *Animato.*

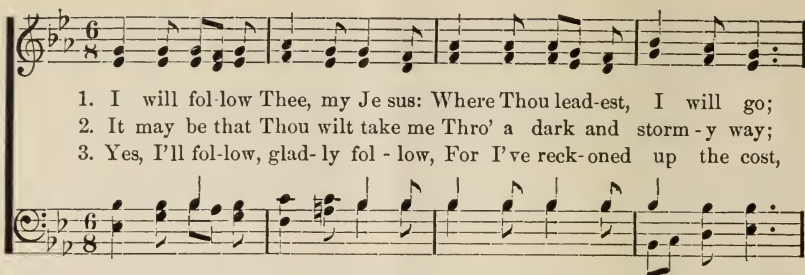
Tell the sto-ry of the King, Let the theme triumphant ring,
 Tell the sto-ry of the King, Let the theme tri-umphant ring;

He who came our peace to bring, Tell..... me of the King.
 Tell, oh, tell me

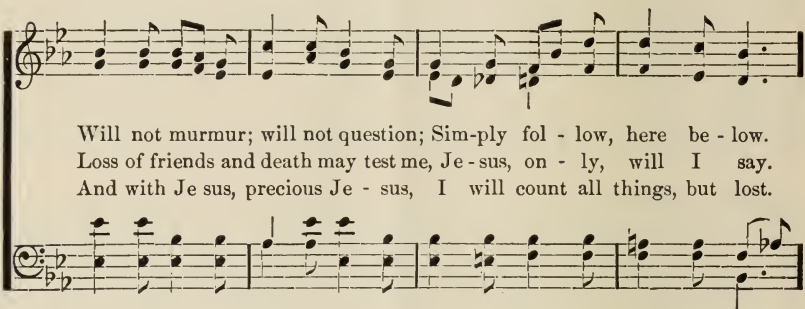
No. 32. I WILL FOLLOW THEE, MY JESUS.

Rev. JOHN L. NEWKIRK.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

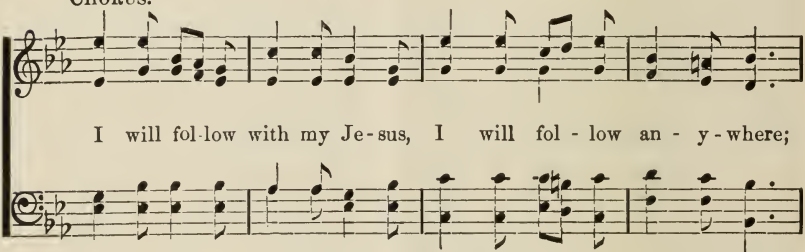


1. I will fol-low Thee, my Je sus: Where Thou lead-est, I will go;
 2. It may be that Thou wilt take me Thro' a dark and storm-y way;
 3. Yes, I'll fol-low, glad-ly fol-low, For I've reck-oned up the cost,

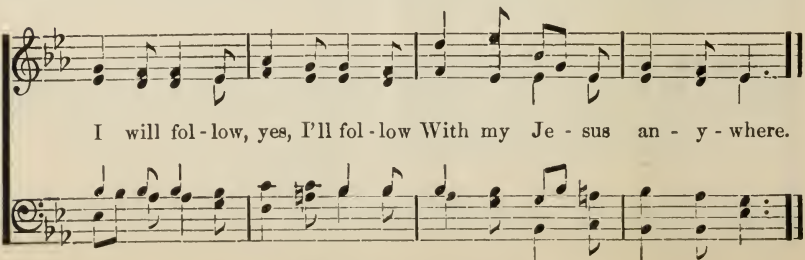


Will not murmur; will not question; Sim-ply fol-low, here be-low.
 Loss of friends and death may test me, Je-sus, on-ly, will I say.
 And with Je sus, precious Je-sus, I will count all things, but lost.

CHORUS.



I will fol-low with my Je-sus, I will fol-low an-y-where;



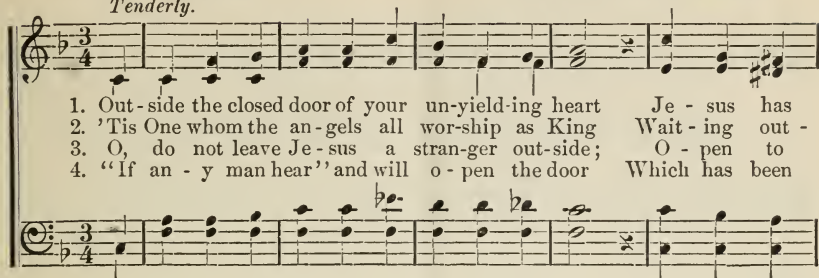
I will fol-low, yes, I'll fol-low With my Je-sus an-y-where.

No. 33. JESUS IS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

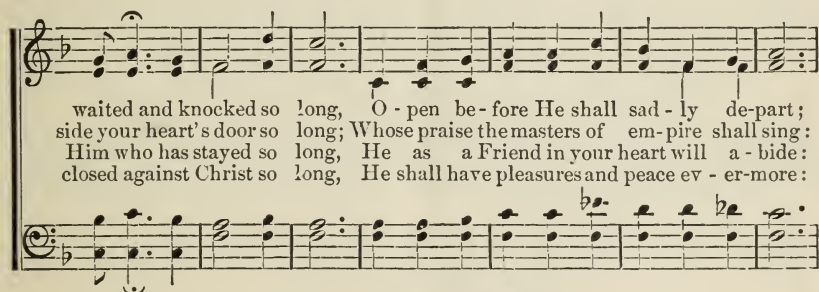
Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

LUE REED MIDDLEBROOK.

Tenderly.

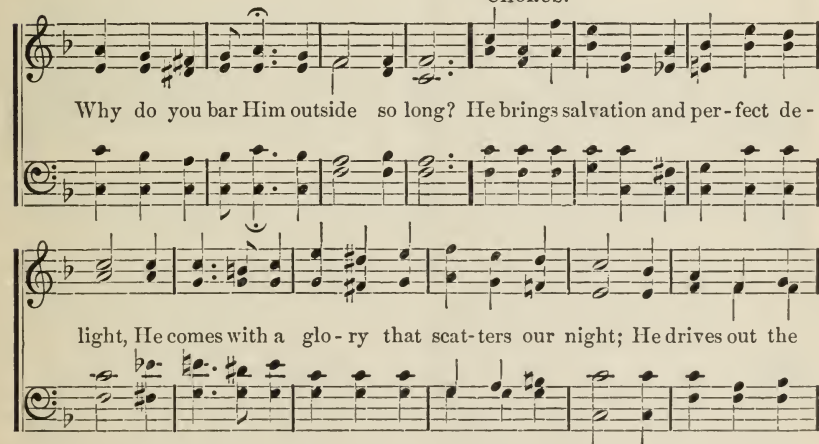


1. Out-side the closed door of your un-yeild-ing heart Je - sus has
 2. 'Tis One whom the an-gels all wor-ship as King Wait - ing out -
 3. O, do not leave Je-sus a stran-ger out-side; O - pen to
 4. "If an - y man hear" and will o - pen the door Which has been

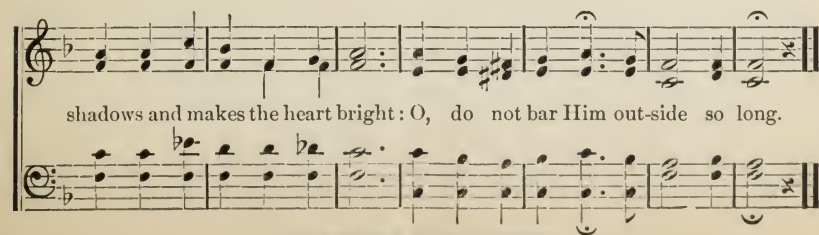


waited and knocked so long, O - pen be-fore He shall sad - ly de-part;
 side your heart's door so long; Whose praise the masters of em-pire shall sing:
 Him who has stayed so long, He as a Friend in your heart will a-bide:
 closed against Christ so long, He shall have pleasures and peace ev - er-more:

CHORUS.



Why do you bar Him outside so long? He brings salvation and per-fect de-
 light, He comes with a glo-ry that scat-ters our night; He drives out the

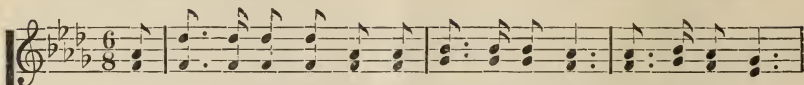


shadows and makes the heart bright: O, do not bar Him out-side so long.

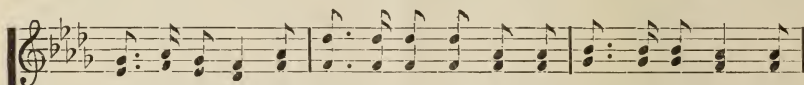
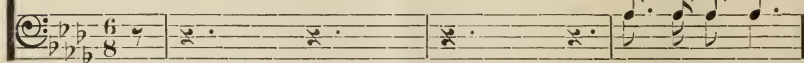
No. 34. THE CHILDREN ARE COMING TO THEE.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

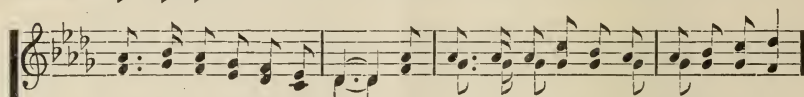
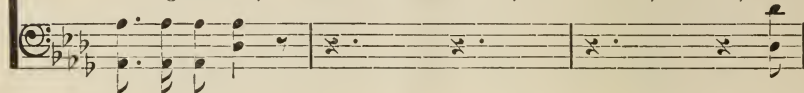
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



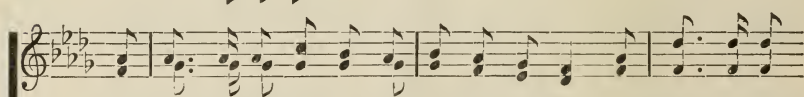
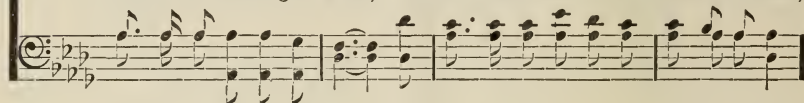
1. Dear Sav-i-our, the children are com - ing to Thee, Com - ing to Thee,
2. Dear Sav i-our, the children are com - ing to Thee, Com - ing to Thee,
3. Dear Sav-i-our, the children are com - ing to Thee, Com - ing to Thee,



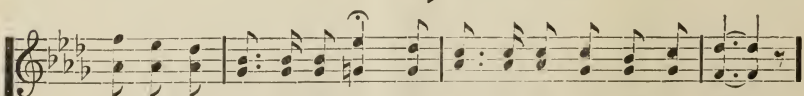
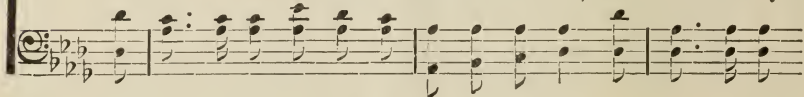
com-ing to Thee, From mountain and valley, from is - land and sea, The
com-ing to Thee, To lean on Thy breast and Thy beau-ty to see, The
com-ing to Thee, O look down from heaven, dear Saviour, and see, The



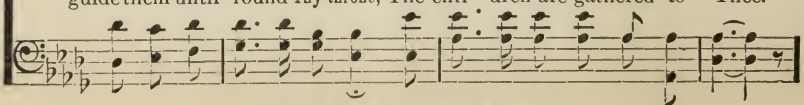
children are coming to Thee; For "Suf-fer the children to come un-to me,
children are coming to Thee; "An army with banners" now marching along,
children are coming to Thee; O take them and seal them forever Thine own,



For - bid - ding them not" in the Bi - ble we see: So now in life's
An ar - my for Je - sus, to fight a-against wrong, Still shout-ing and
And nev - er al - low them to wan - der a - lone, But ten - der - ly



morning, so hap - py and free, The chil - dren are com-ing to Thee.
sing-ing a ju - bi - lant song, The chil - dren are com-ing to Thee.
guide them until 'round Thy throne, The chil - dren are gathered to Thee.



THE CHILDREN ARE COMING TO THEE.—Concluded.

CHORUS

Com - ing to Thee,..... com - ing to Thee;..... Like
Coming to Thee, coming to Thee, coming to Thee, coming to Thee,

doves to the window or birds to the tree, The children are coming to Thee.

No. 35.

HE LEADETH ME.

A. C. W.

AGNES C. WOOLSTON.

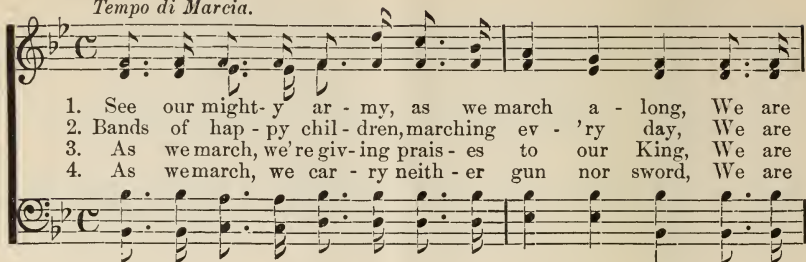
1. He lead eth me! O words di-vine, What comfort thrills this heart of mine;
2. He lead-eth me! my Shepherd, Guide, Secure-ly thro' the pas-tures wide;
3. He lead eth me! in sor-rows He My Keep-er is, where'er I be;
4. He lead-eth me! His goodness tell, His mer-cy with His child doth dwell;

rit.

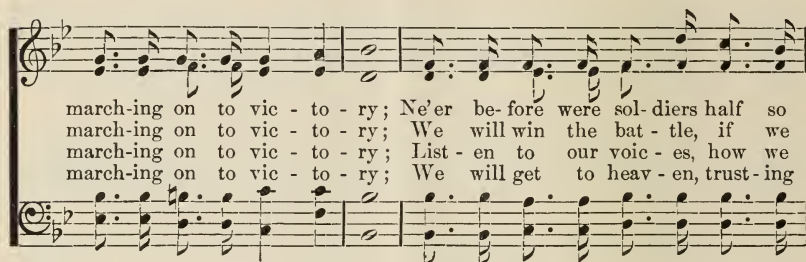
O bless-ed light in darkness shine, He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me!
A-bid-ing close-ly by my side, He lead-eth me! yea, lead-eth me!
In shad-y nook or storm-y sea, He lead-eth me! yea, e-ven me!
Oh, let the theme His prais-es swell, He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me!

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

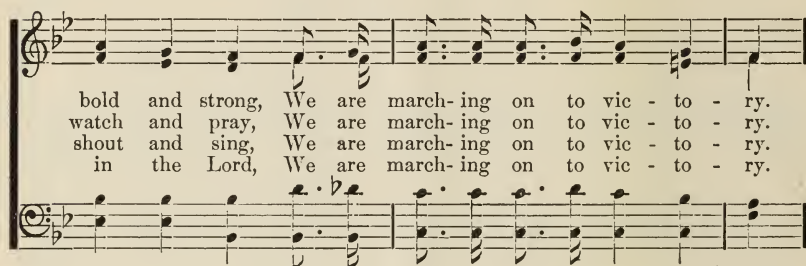
W. F. FOWLER.

Tempo di Marcia.


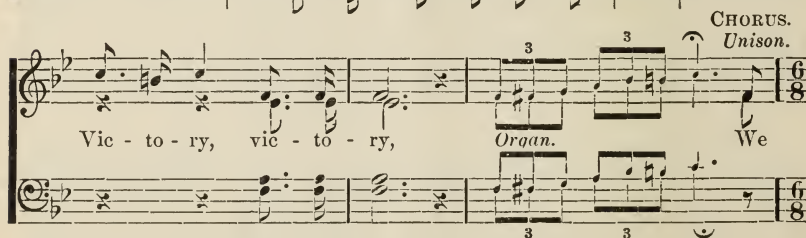
1. See our might-y ar-my, as we march a-long, We are
 2. Bands of hap-py chil-dren, marching ev-'ry day, We are
 3. As we march, we're giv-ing prais-es to our King, We are
 4. As we march, we car-ry neith-er gun nor sword, We are



march-ing on to vic-to-ry; Ne'er be-fore were sol-diers half so
 march-ing on to vic-to-ry; We will win the bat-tle, if we
 march-ing on to vic-to-ry; List-en to our voic-es, how we
 march-ing on to vic-to-ry; We will get to heav-en, trust-ing



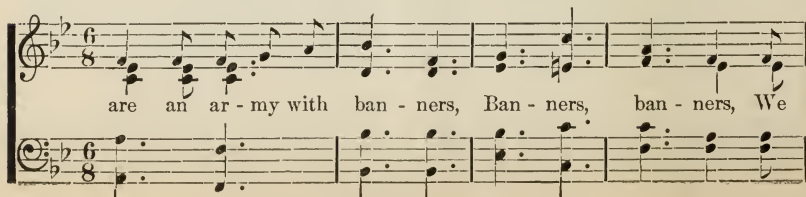
bold and strong, We are march-ing on to vic-to-ry.
 watch and pray, We are march-ing on to vic-to-ry.
 shout and sing, We are march-ing on to vic-to-ry.
 in the Lord, We are march-ing on to vic-to-ry.



Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, We

CHORUS.
Unison.

Organ.



are an ar-my with ban-ners, Ban-ners, ban-ners, We

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL ARMY.—Concluded.

Parts

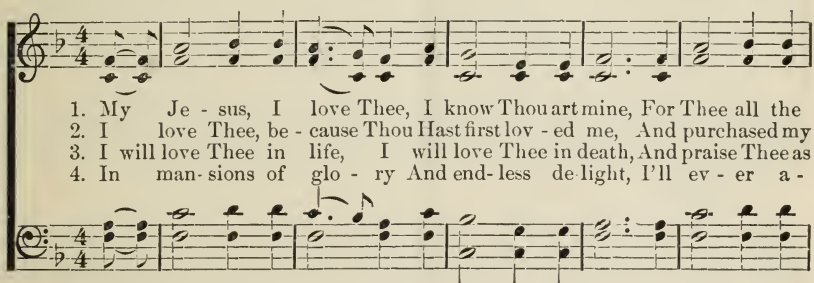


are an ar - my with ban - ners, We're marching up to God.

No. 37. MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

London Hymn Book.

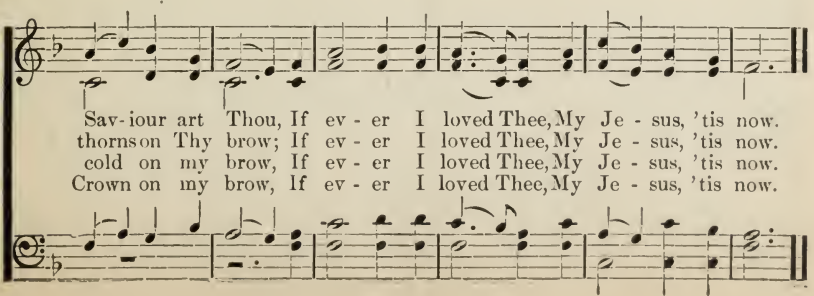
A. J. GORDON.



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
 3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry And end - less de light, I'll ev - er a -



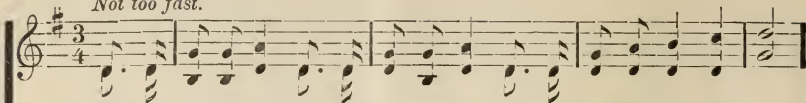
fol - lies Of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, My
 par - don On Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing The
 long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew Lies
 dore Thee In heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing



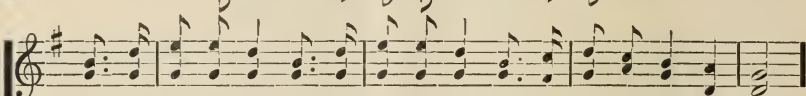
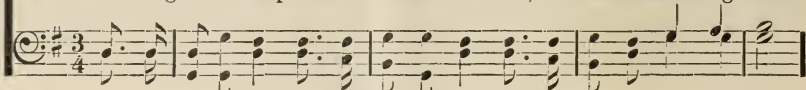
Sav - iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
 thorn on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
 Crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.

HARRIET E. JONES.

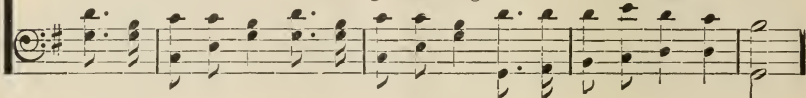
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Not too fast.

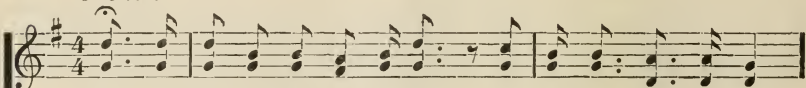
1. There are days of toil for His servant true, There is need of dai - ly pray'r;
2. There are foes to fight as we march a-long, And a trust-y sword to wield,
3. There is grain to reap where the fields are white, And the sheaves to gather in



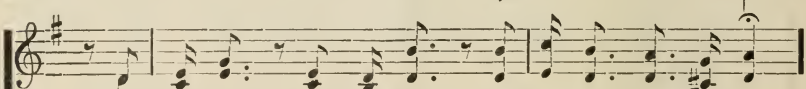
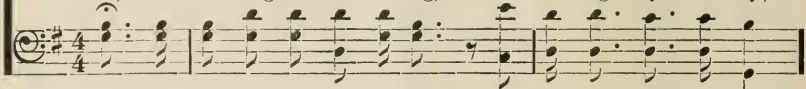
There is earn-est work for His own to do, If we reign with Christ up there!
 We must forward go with an arm that's strong If we conquer in the field.
 That must shine a-bove in the gar-ner bright If a fade-less crown we win.



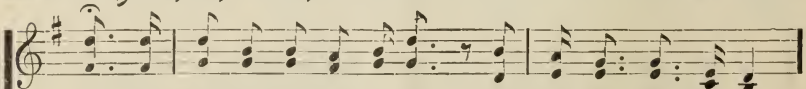
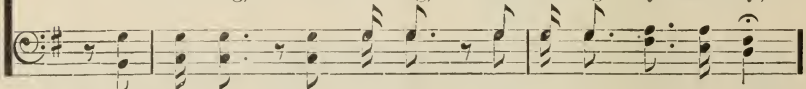
CHORUS.



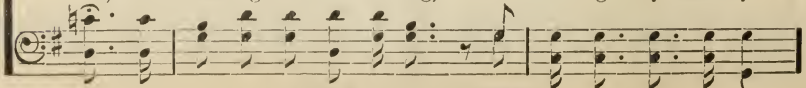
Oh, the rest - ing time is com-ing, 'tis com-ing by and by;
 Oh, the peace - ful time is com-ing, 'tis com-ing by and by;
 Oh, the crown-ing time is com-ing, 'tis com-ing by and by;



'Tis com ing, 'tis com-ing, 'tis com-ing by and by;
 'Tis com-ing, 'tis com-ing, 'tis com-ing by and by;
 'Tis com ing, 'tis com-ing, 'tis com-ing by and by;



Oh, the rest-ing time is com-ing, 'tis com ing by and by.
 Oh, the peace-ful time is com-ing, 'tis com-ing by and by.
 Oh, the crowning time is com-ing, 'tis com ing by and by.



'TIS COMING BY AND BY!—Concluded.

rit......

'Tis com-ing, 'tis com-ing When we reach our home on high!

No. 39. I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

ANNIE J. HAWKS.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
 2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour; Stay Thou near by; Tempta tions lose their
 3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a -
 4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promis -
 5. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; Oh, make me Thine in -

REFRAIN.

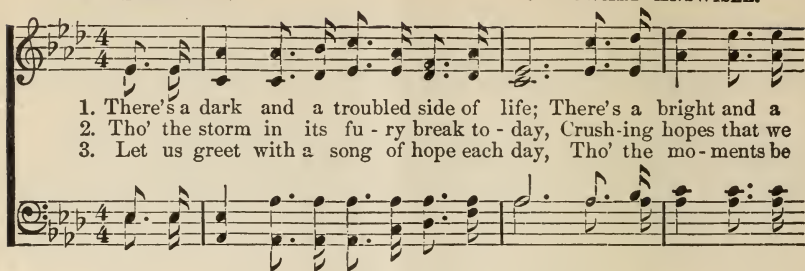
Thine Can peace af - ford.
 pow'r When Thou art nigh.
 bide, Or life is vain. } I need Thee, oh! I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I
 es In me ful - fill.
 deed, Thou bless - ed Son. }

need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav-iour! I come to Thee.

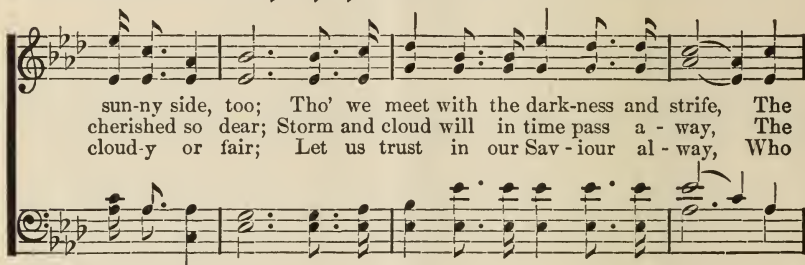
No. 40. KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

ADA BLENKHORN.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

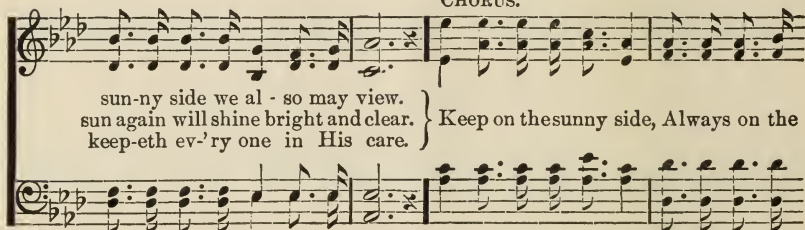


1. There's a dark and a troubled side of life; There's a bright and a
 2. Tho' the storm in its fu-ry break to-day, Crush-ing hopes that we
 3. Let us greet with a song of hope each day, Tho' the mo-ments be

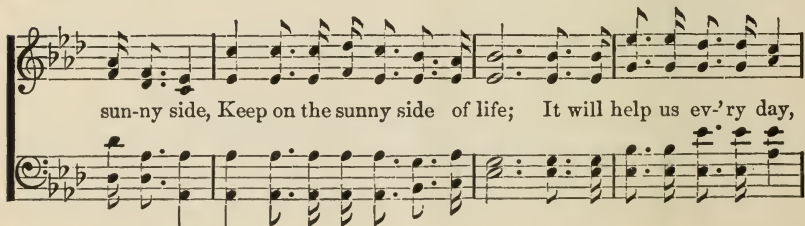


sun-ny side, too; Tho' we meet with the dark-ness and strife, The
 cherished so dear; Storm and cloud will in time pass a-way, The
 cloud-y or fair; Let us trust in our Sav-iour al-way, Who

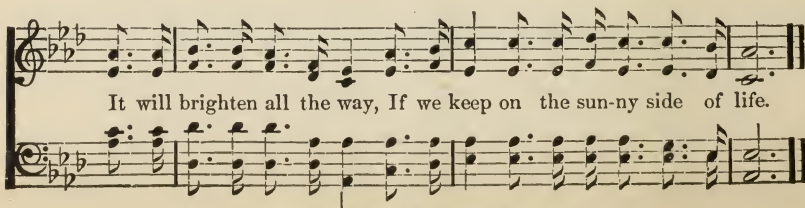
CHORUS.



sun-ny side we al-so may view.
 sun again will shine bright and clear. } Keep on the sunny side, Always on the
 keep-eth ev'-ry one in His care. }



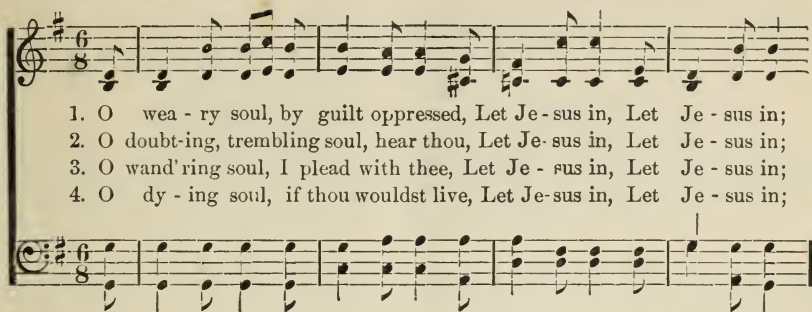
sun-ny side, Keep on the sunny side of life; It will help us ev'-ry day,



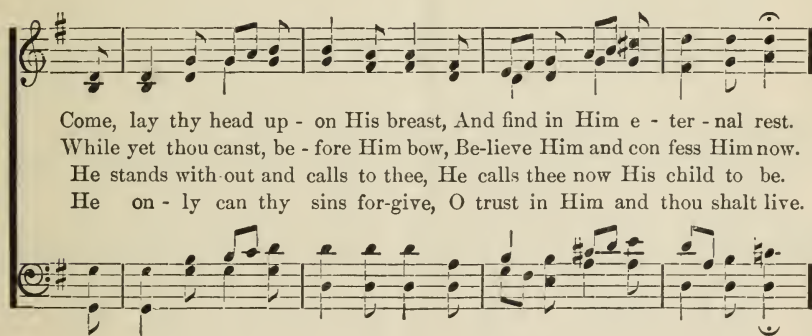
It will brighten all the way, If we keep on the sun-ny side of life.

MELVILLE WINANS MILLER.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

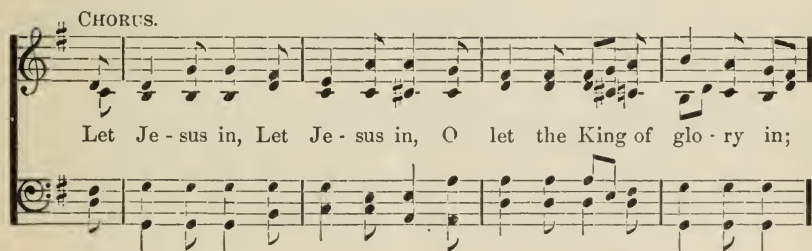


1. O wea - ry soul, by guilt oppressed, Let Je - sus in, Let Je - sus in;
 2. O doubt-ing, trembling soul, hear thou, Let Je - sus in, Let Je - sus in;
 3. O wand'ring soul, I plead with thee, Let Je - sus in, Let Je - sus in;
 4. O dy - ing soul, if thou wouldst live, Let Je - sus in, Let Je - sus in;

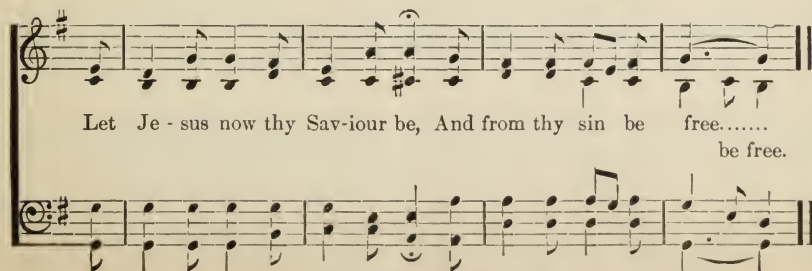


Come, lay thy head up - on His breast, And find in Him e - ter - nal rest.
 While yet thou canst, be - fore Him bow, Be-lieve Him and con fess Him now.
 He stands with-out and calls to thee, He calls thee now His child to be.
 He on - ly can thy sins for-give, O trust in Him and thou shalt live.

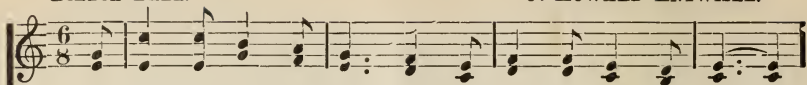
CHORUS.



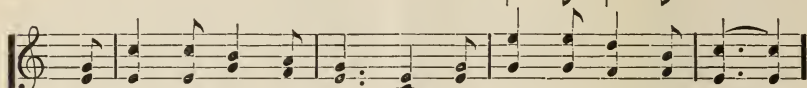
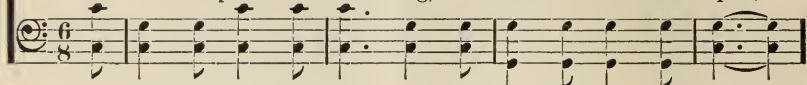
Let Je - sus in, Let Je - sus in, O let the King of glo - ry in;



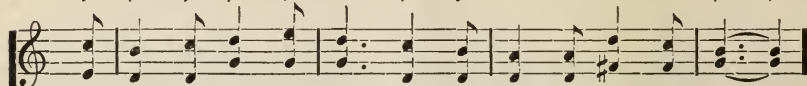
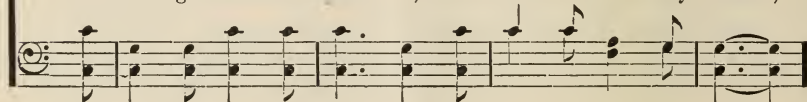
Let Je - sus now thy Sav-iour be, And from thy sin be free.....
 be free.



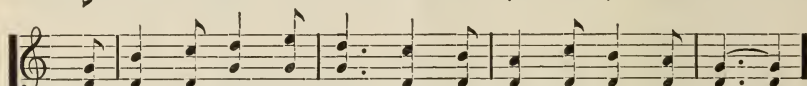
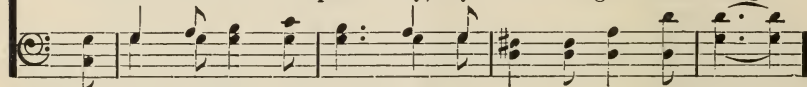
1. O wea - ry years of wand - 'ring, When sin's dark ways I trod,
2. How pa - tient was my Sav - iour! He called in tones of love,
3. I ev - er will re - mem - ber The day I sought my Lord,
4. O bless - ed peace I'm know - ing, All doubts from me de - part,



And heed - ed not those ac - cents, The lov - ing words of God;
 In ac - cents sweet and win - ning He point - ed me a - bove;
 I list - ened to His call - ing, O ten - der was each word;
 No dan - ger makes me fear - ful, Christ dwells with - in my heart;



My heart was sad and lone - ly, I turned to Him my face,
 I'm trav - 'ling to a Cit - y Be - yond the star - ry dome,
 My heart was full of sor - row, My eyes with tears were dim,
 I trav - el down life's path - way, My soul in glad - ness sings



Then Je - sus came and met me, How won - der - ful His grace!
 For Je - sus came and met me, He guides my foot - steps Home.
 But Je - sus came and met me, The day I turned to Him.
 That Je - sus came and met me, His pres - ence com - fort brings.



CHORUS.



Yes, Je - sus came and met me While yet out - side the door,



JESUS CAME AND MET ME.—Concluded.

He brought me to the Fa-ther's house, I'll roam a - broad no more.

No. 43.

COME SEE THE PLACE.

SAMUEL WOODCOCK.

Moderato.

1. Come see the place where Je - sus lay, And hear an - gel - ic
 2. O joy - ful sound! O glo - rious hour, When by His own Al -
 3. The First - be - got - ten of the dead, For us He rose, our
 4. No more they tremble at the grave, For Je - sus will their

watch-ers say, "He lives, who once was slain: Why seek the living 'midst the
 might - y pow'r He rose, and left the grave! Now let our songs His triumph
 glor - ious Head, Im - mor - tal life to bring; What tho' the saints like Him shall
 spir - its save, And raise their slumb' ring dust: O ris - en Lord, in Thee we

dead? Re mem - ber how the Sav - iour said That He would rise a - gain."
 tell, Who burst the bands of death and hell, And ev - er lives to save.
 die, They share their Leader's vic - to - ry, And tri - umph with their King.
 live, To Thee our ransom'd souls we give, To Thee our bod - ies trust.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

F. J. HOWARD.

In Unison.

1. List - en to the joy - ous ring - ing of the bells! Of all hope and
 2. Hark the in - vi - ta - tion ring - eth, loud and clear! To the ho - ly
 3. O the joy the bells are tell - ing, deep and strong! How they min - gle

faith, their mu sic sweet - ly tells! Who will seek the throne and al - tar
 throne of mer - cy draw ye near! Come while life is young and joy - ous
 in their ca - dence with our song! Giv - ing prais - es with - out meas - ure

of the Lord, Who will come to hear with gladness of His Word?
 to the King! All your hopes of life for - ev - er free - ly bring!
 to the Lord, Who hath o - pened wide the treasures of His Word!

REFRAIN.

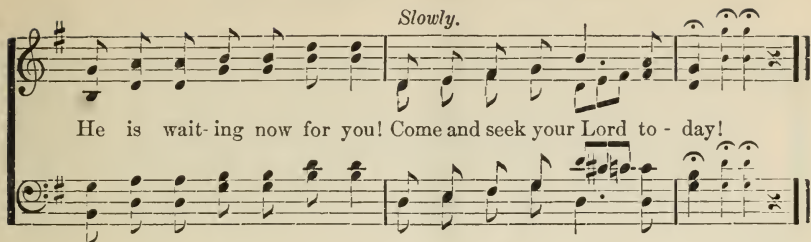
Come ye all with glad hearts singing, Come to - day! Come and seek Him,

PARTS.

come and praise Him in His way! He is might - y! He is true!

WHO WILL COME?—Concluded.

Slowly.



He is wait-ing now for you! Come and seek your Lord to - day!

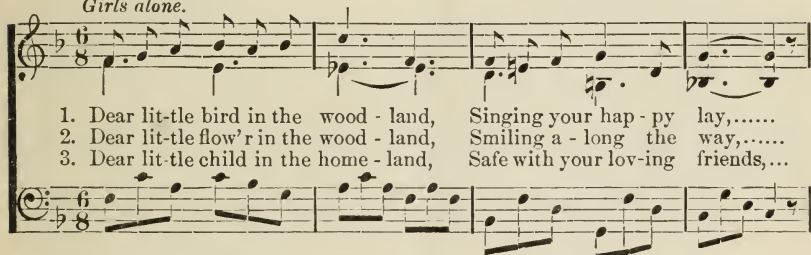
No. 45.

TRUSTING HIM.

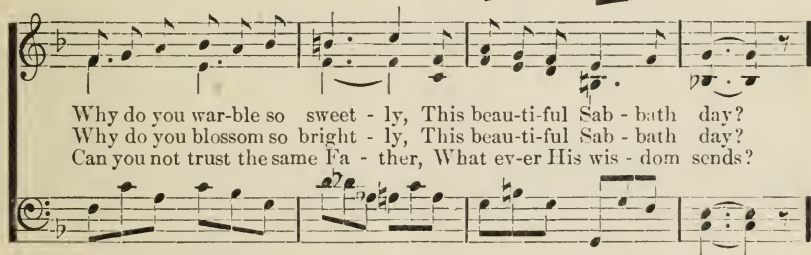
B. H. WINSLOW.

EDWARD WATSON PEDRICK.

Girls alone.

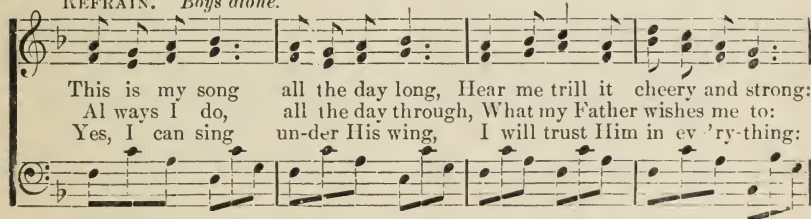


1. Dear lit-tle bird in the wood - land, Singing your hap - py lay,.....
2. Dear lit-tle flow'r in the wood - land, Smiling a - long the way,.....
3. Dear lit-tle child in the home - land, Safe with your lov-ing friends,...



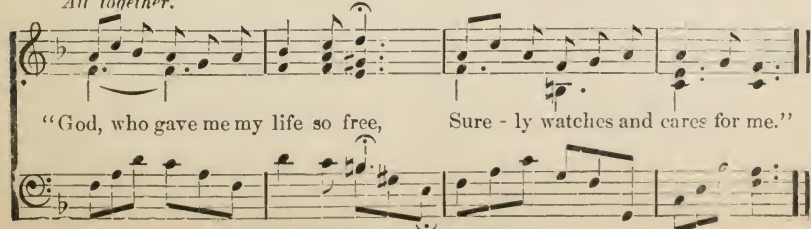
Why do you war-ble so sweet - ly, This beau-ti-ful Sab - bath day?
 Why do you blossom so bright - ly, This beau-ti-ful Sab - bath day?
 Can you not trust the same Fa - ther, What ev-er His wis - dom sends?

REFRAIN. *Boys alone.*



This is my song all the day long, Hear me trill it cheery and strong:
 Al ways I do, all the day through, What my Father wishes me to:
 Yes, I can sing un-der His wing, I will trust Him in ev-'ry-thing:

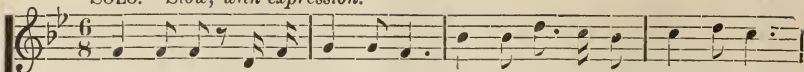
All together.



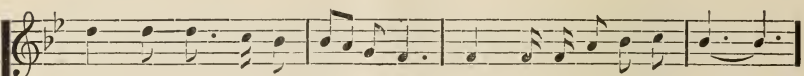
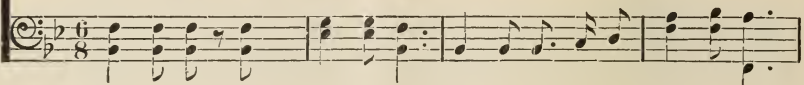
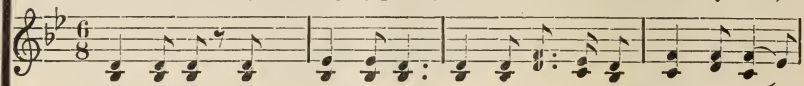
"God, who gave me my life so free, Sure - ly watches and cares for me."

BIRDIE BELL.

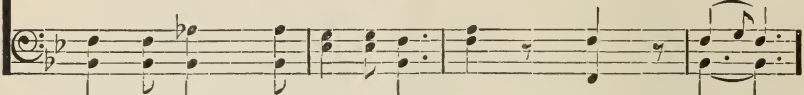
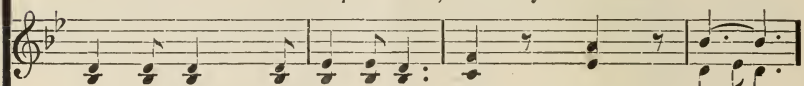
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*

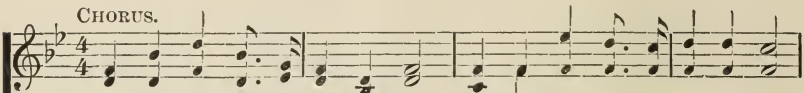
1. Just one touch as He moves along, Push'd and press'd by the jostling throng,
2. Just one touch and He makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin-sick soul,
3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am saved by the bless-ed Son,
4. Just one touch! and He turns to me, O the love in His eyes I see!
5. Just one touch! by His mighty pow'r, He can save thee this ver - y hour,



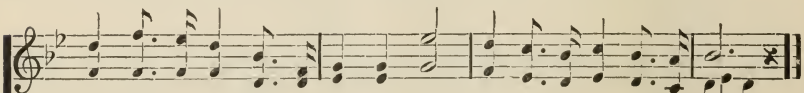
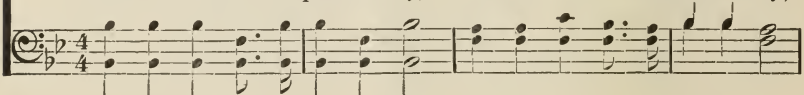
Just one touch and the weak was strong, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
 At His feet all my bur-dens roll, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
 I will sing while the a - ges run, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
 I am His for He hears my plea, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
 Thou canst hear tho' the tempests low'r, Cured by the Healer di - vine.



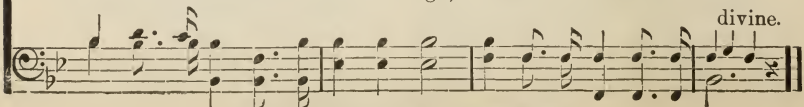
CHORUS.



Just one touch as He pass-es by, He will list to the faintest cry;



Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Heal-er di - vine.



divine.

T. KOSCHAT.

Lento. m

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know, I
 2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow and death tho' I stray, Since
 3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With
 4. Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still

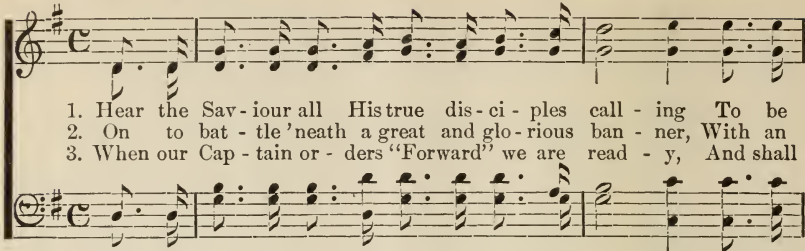
feed in green pas - ture, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my
 Thou art my Guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de -
 bless - ings un - meas - ured my cup run - neth o'er; With per - fume and
 fol - low my steps till I meet Thee a - bove. I seek by the

soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re -
 fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my
 oil Thou a - noint - est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy
 path which my fore - fathers trod, Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy

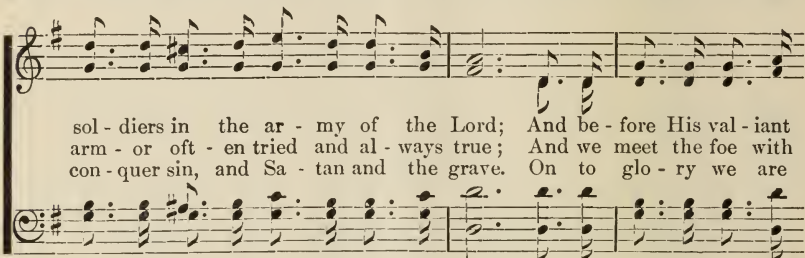
deems when oppress'd, Re - stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.
 Com - fort - er near, No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er near.
 prov - i - dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence more?
 king - dom of love, Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy kingdom of love.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

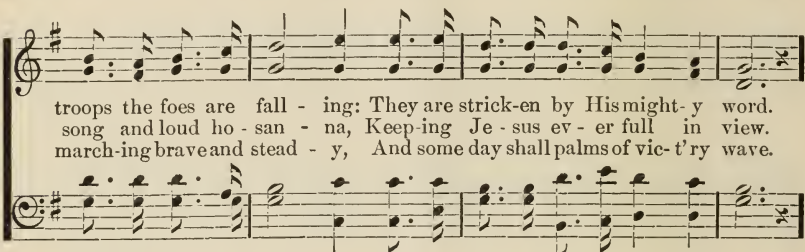
POWELL G. FITHIAN.



1. Hear the Sav-iour all His true dis-ci-ples call-ing To be
2. On to bat-tle 'neath a great and glo-rious ban-ner, With an
3. When our Cap-tain or-ders "Forward" we are read-y, And shall

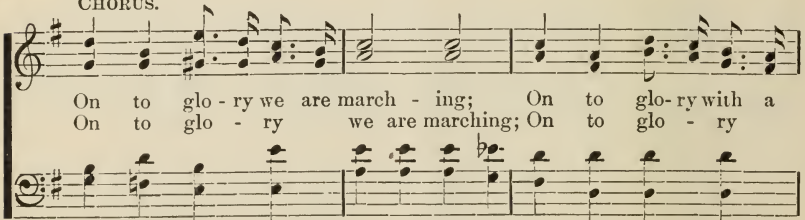


sol-diers in the ar-my of the Lord; And be-fore His val-iant
arm-or oft-en tried and al-ways true; And we meet the foe with
con-quer sin, and Sa-tan and the grave. On to glo-ry we are

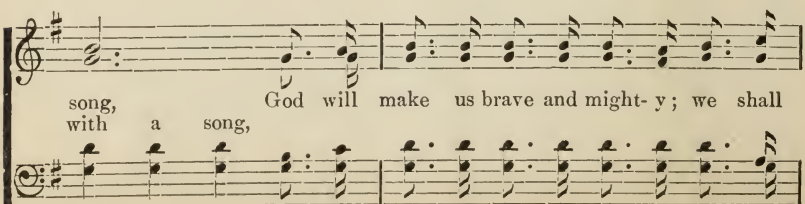


troops the foes are fall-ing: They are strick-en by His might-y word.
song and loud ho-san-na, Keep-ing Je-sus ev-er full in view.
march-ing brave and stead-y, And some day shall palms of vic-t'ry wave.

CHORUS.



On to glo-ry we are march-ing; On to glo-ry with a
On to glo-ry we are marching; On to glo-ry



song, God will make us brave and might-y; we shall
with a song,

ON TO GLORY.—Concluded.

tri-umph o'er the wrong, And pur-sue the foe with shout and song.

No. 49.

MAKE ME OVER NEW.

PRIMARY SONG.

ADA BLENKHORN.

Solo or Duet.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. "Dear Saviour," pray'd a lit-tle child, "My years are ver-y few,
2. "For-give me now my ev-'ry sin, My way-ward heart sub-due,
3. "Dear Sav-iour, give me grace to be A lit-tle Chris-tian true,
4. Dear Lord, as chil-dren we would pray, O cleanse our hearts a-new;

Like Thee I would be meek and mild, Please make me o-ver new."
And make me pure and white with-in;—Please make me o-ver new."
With all my heart to love but Thee, Please make me o-ver new."
And keep us pure from day to day, Please make us o-ver new.

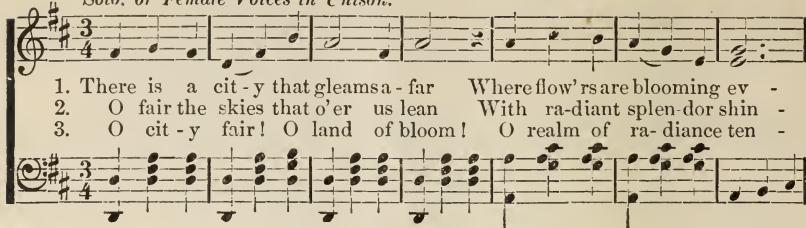
CHORUS.

Make me o-ver new, dear Lord, Make me o-ver new; From

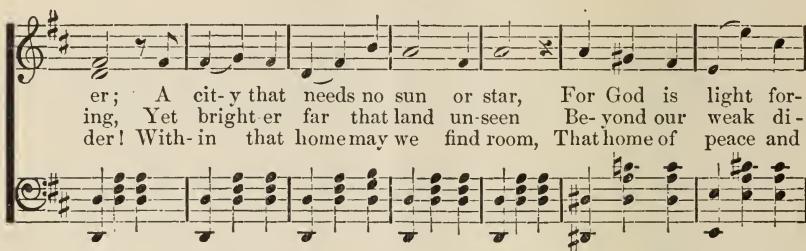
sin made free, Thy child to be, Lord, make me o-ver new.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

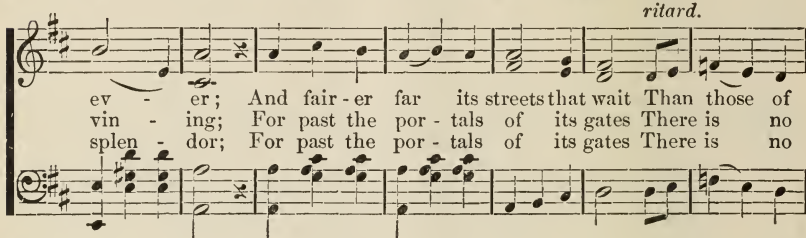
R. FRANK LEHMAN.

Solo, or Female Voices in Unison.


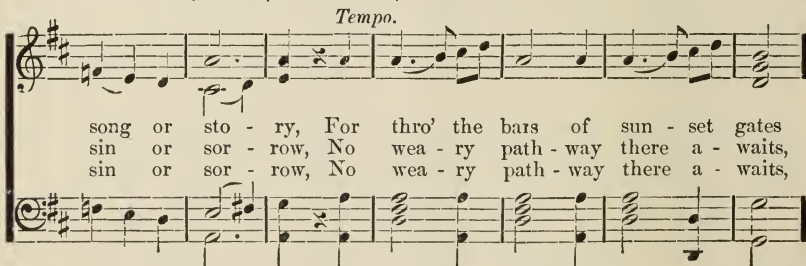
1. There is a cit-y that gleams a - far Where flow'rs are blooming ev -
 2. O fair the skies that o'er us lean With ra-diant splen-dor shin -
 3. O cit-y fair! O land of bloom! O realm of ra-diance ten -



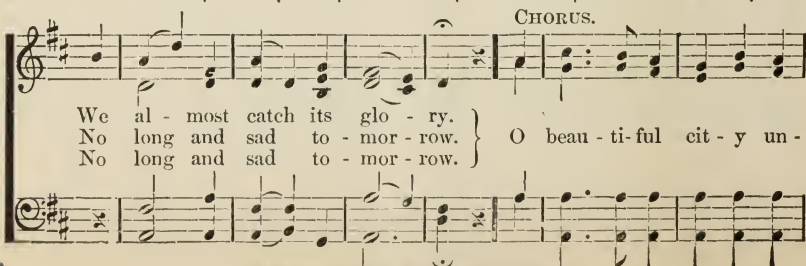
er; A cit-y that needs no sun or star, For God is light for-
 ing, Yet bright er far that land un-seen Be-yond our weak di-
 der! With-in that homemay we find room, That home of peace and



ev - er; And fair-er far its streets that wait Than those of
 vin - ing; For past the por - tals of its gates There is no
 splen - dor; For past the por - tals of its gates There is no



song or sto - ry, For thro' the bars of sun - set gates
 sin or sor - row, No wea - ry path - way there a - waits,
 sin or sor - row, No wea - ry path - way there a - waits,



CHORUS.
 We al - most catch its glo - ry. } O beau - ti - ful cit - y un -
 No long and sad to - mor - row. }
 No long and sad to - mor - row. }

THE UNSEEN CITY.—Concluded.

seem, Where mor-tal hath nev - er been, O when we shall
stand at Thy gate, O may it not be, too late,
O when we shall stand at Thy gate, O may it not be too late.

ff *p ritard.* *pp*

No. 51.

SUN OF MY SOUL.

J. KEBLE.

RITTER.

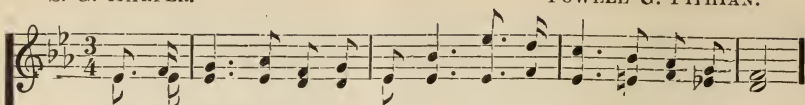
1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav'our dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gent-ly steep;
3. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Saviour's breast.
Till in the o - cean of Thy love We lose our-selves in heav'n a-bove.

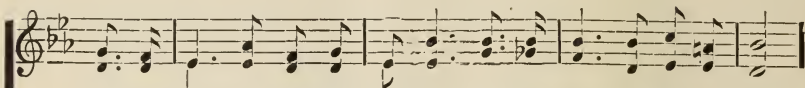
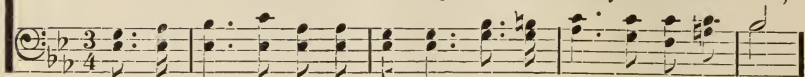
No. 52. SHALL HE COME AND FIND ME WATCHING?

S. G. HARPER.

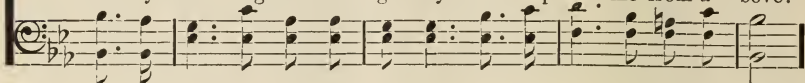
POWELL G. FITHIAN.



1. Shall He come and find me watching, As the watchers watch for morrow,—
2. Shall He come and find me standing From the worldling's joy a - part,
3. Shall He come and find me working In the vine-yard of His Love,



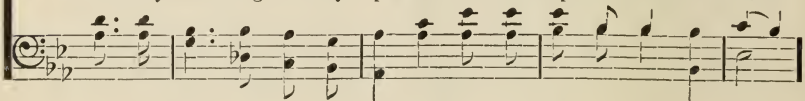
As the hour of mid-night pass-es And the com-ing day is born?
Free from all its mirth and fol-lies, With a true and loy-al heart?
On-ly work-ing till the glo-ry Breaks up-on me from a - bove?



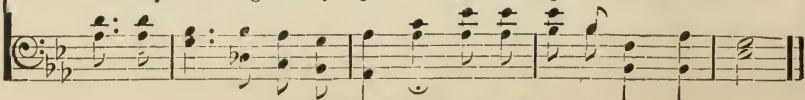
Shall He come and find me wait-ing, With my loins all girt a - bout,
Shall He come and find me faith-ful To His part-ing word to me,
Je - sus, let me thus be wait-ing, Full of hope and love and zeal;



Staff in hand, the word to welcome, Waiting with-out fear or doubt?
If I go a place pre-par-ing, I will quick-ly come to Thee?
Let Thy com-ing to my spir-it Be a hope di-vine and real.



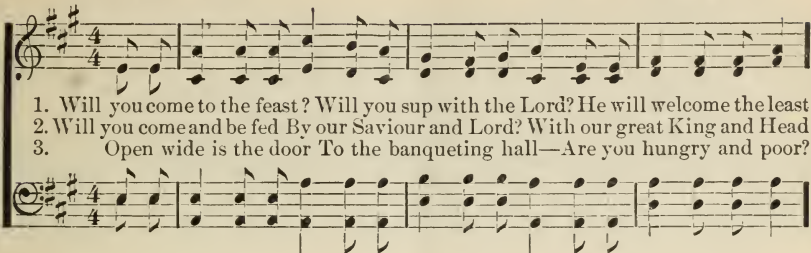
Staff in hand, the word to wel-come, Waiting with out fear or doubt?
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Let Thy com - ing to my spir - it Be a hope di - vine and real.



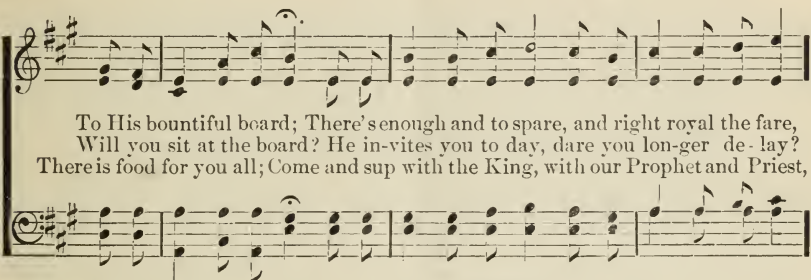
No. 53. WILL YOU COME TO THE FEAST?

HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

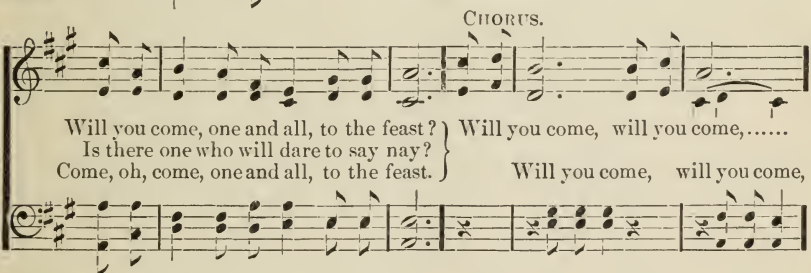


1. Will you come to the feast? Will you sup with the Lord? He will welcome the least
 2. Will you come and be fed By our Saviour and Lord? With our great King and Head
 3. Open wide is the door To the banqueting hall—Are you hungry and poor?

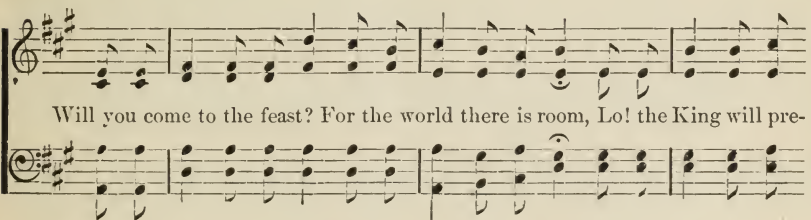


To His bountiful board; There's enough and to spare, and right royal the fare,
 Will you sit at the board? He in-vites you to day, dare you lon-ger de-lay?
 There is food for you all; Come and sup with the King, with our Prophet and Priest,

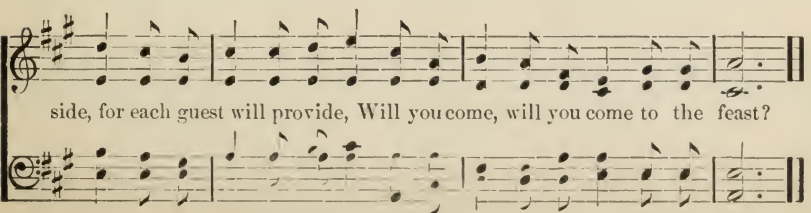
CHORUS.



Will you come, one and all, to the feast? } Will you come, will you come,.....
 Is there one who will dare to say nay? }
 Come, oh, come, one and all, to the feast. } Will you come, will you come,



Will you come to the feast? For the world there is room, Lo! the King will pre-



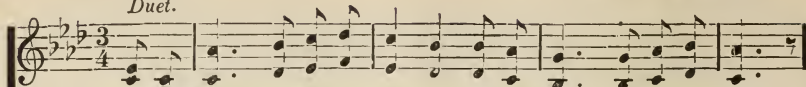
side, for each guest will provide, Will you come, will you come to the feast?

No. 54. THERE IS JOY IN HIM WE LOVE.

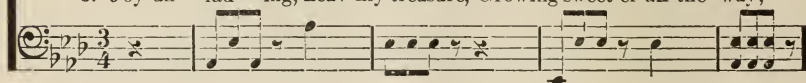
E. E. HEWITT.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

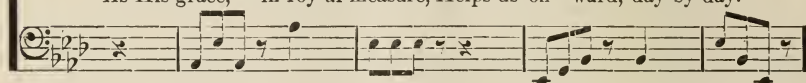
Duet.



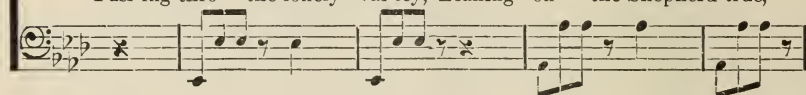
1. Rain and sun-shine, night and morning, In the swift, re-volv-ing year;
2. As the gold - en hours are fly-ing, Let us use them all for Him;
3. Joy un - fad - ing, heav'nly treasure, Growing sweet-er all the way;



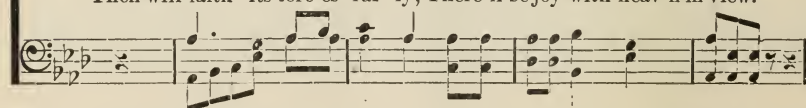
Smiling flow'rs the spring adorning, Leaves of autumn, brown and sere:
On His gra-cious arm re - ly-ing, When the way grows dark and dim.
As His grace, in roy-al measure, Helps us on - ward, day by day.



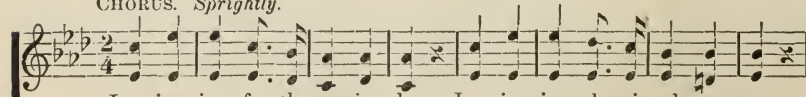
Just as va - ried is life's sto - ry, But unchanged our Friend above;
On the clouds of care and sadness Will the bow of hope ap-pear,
Pass-ing thro' the lonely val-ley, Leaning on the Shepherd true,



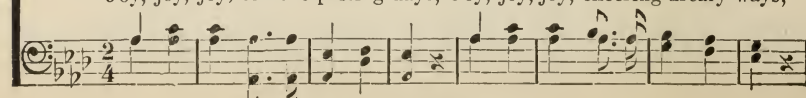
We are sing - ing to His glo - ry, There is joy in Him we love.
And we sing in trustful gladness, There is joy with Je-sus near.
Then will faith its forc-es ral-ly; There'll be joy with heav'n in view.



CHORUS. *Sprightly.*



Joy, joy, joy, for the passing days; Joy, joy, joy, cheering dreary ways;



THERE IS JOY IN HIM WE LOVE.—Concluded.

Joy, joy, joy, O give thanks and praise; There is joy in Him we love.

No. 55.

EVEN YOU.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

F. J. HOWARD.

Duet, for Soprano or Baritone, and Alto.

With feeling.

1. Je - sus calls you to His kingdom; Hear ye not His gra-cious voice?
2. When the ten-der buds of springtime Burst in - to the flow'rs of June,
3. While the grace of life is o'er you Like a man-tle pure and fair,
4. To His kingdom, high and ho - ly, To His Church di-vine and true,

Come ye all, and make His serv-ice Now in ear - ly life your choice!
 When the birds make vale and for-est With their songs of joy at - tune.
 While its in - no - cence and beau-ty Shut a - way a world of care.
 He is call-ing all the chil-dren, He is call - ing e - ven you.

CHORUS.

rit.....

Come to Je - sus! Come to Je - sus! He is call - ing, calling you!

In the ear - ly years of childhood E - ven you have work to do!

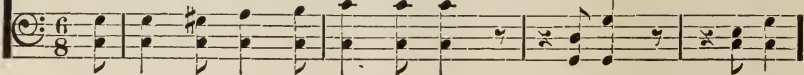
No. 56. WORKING, WATCHING, PRAYING.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

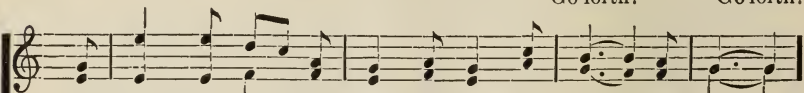
POWELL G. FITHIAN.



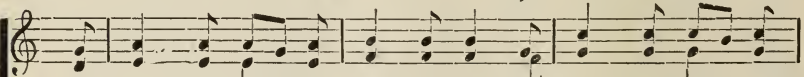
1. Go forth! go forth for Je - sus now—Be work - ing! be watch - ing!
2. Go forth! go forth to all the world! Oh, stay not! de - lay not—
3. Go forth! let heart and hand be strong! Be work - ing! be watch - ing!



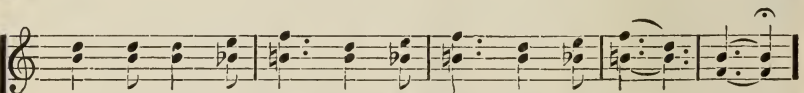
Go forth! Go forth!



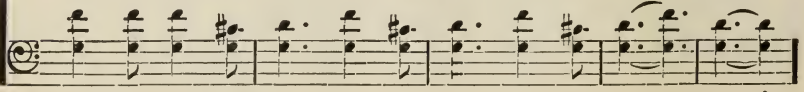
The Lord Him - self will teach you how To watch and pray.
But let Love's ban - ner be unfurled, And grace be told.
Oh, stay the might-y pow'r of wrong Wher - e'er ye may.



'Tis not for thee thy field to choose—No work He gives must
Oh, let re - deem-ing love be sung—A song of joy on
E-quipped with love and strength di-vine, The vic - to - ry is



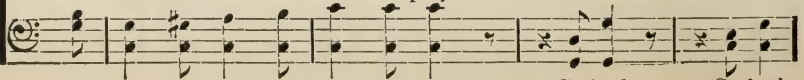
thou re - fuse—Be work - ing! be watch - ing! be pray - ing!
ev - 'ry tongue! Be work - ing! be watch - ing! be pray - ing!
sure - ly thine—Be work - ing! be watch - ing! be pray - ing!



CHORUS.



Go forth to work—to watch and pray! 'Tis Je - sus who calls thee—



Go forth, Go forth,

WORKING, WATCHING, PRAYING.—Concluded.

The har - vest waits for thee to - day—Go bring some sheaves for God.

No. 57.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.

REGINALD HEBER.

Tune, Nicea.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty - y! Ear-ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints adore Thee, Cast-ing down their
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty - y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 gold - en crowns around the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and seraphim
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly!
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in power, in love, and pur - i - ty.
 mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin - i - ty!

EMMA PITT.

H. W. PORTER.

Moderato.

1. O how bright will the light of that bless-ed day shine, How
 2. Then the buds all un-fold-ed for-ev-er shall bloom, The
 3. And the glit-ter-ing spires of the cit-y of gold Will
 4. O the won-der-ful vis-ion it fills us with joy, How

great will the gather-ing be, When the chil-dren of Je-sus from
 blos soms sweet fra-grance yield; When He makes up His jew-els how
 ech-o the cho-rus of song, That shall rise from the hearts of the
 great will the gather-ing be, When the chil-dren of Je-sus from

far and from near Shall meet by the pure crys-tal sea.
 bright-ly we'll shine, His glo-ri-ous pres-ence re-vealed.
 glo-ri-fied ones, When they en-ter the pal-ace of song.
 far and from near Shall stand by the fair crys-tal sea.

poco rit.

CHORUS.

O fair sum-mer day, O beautiful day, How grand will Thy dawning
 O fair summer day, O

poco rit.

be; (will it be;) How great will the gath'ring of chil-dren ap-pear,

THE PALACE OF SONG.—Concluded.

CODA. (after last verse.) *p*

When they stand by the fair crystal sea, *mp* When they stand by the When they stand

pp *poco rit.*

fair When they stand by the fair crys-tal sea.

No. 59. JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER, D. D.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me, O - ver Life's tem-pestuous sea,
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar

Unknown waves a-round me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal,
 Boist'rous waves o-bey Thy will, When Thou say - est "peace be still;"
 'Twixt me and my peaceful rest. Then while lean - ing on Thy breast,

Chart and com-pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 Wond'rous sov'-reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

W. L. T.

WILL. L. THOMPSON.

1. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Oh, to have more of His love;.....
 2. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Help ing the fall - en to rise;.....
 3. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Mer - ci - ful, lov - ing and kind;.....

His love;
 to rise;
 and kind;

Deep in my heart, Fill - ing my soul, From the great heart a - bove.
 Giv - ing a hand, Bidding, to stand, Firm in the faith we prize.
 Leading the way, Bright'ning the day, Help - ing the lame and blind.

Je - sus came loving and cheering, Giv - ing the hun - gry food,.....
 Cheering the bro - ken heart - ed, Wip - ing a - way their tears,.....
 Je - sus came saving the fall - en, Help - ing them sin o'er - come,.....

the hun - gry
 a - way their
 them sin o'er -

Help - ing the poor and the need - y, Je - sus was kind and good.
 Com - fort - ing ma - ny in sor - row, Ban - ish - ing doubts and fears.
 Res - cu - ing per - ish - ing sin - ners, Bring - ing the way - ward home.

food,
 tears,
 come,
 Help ing the need - y,
 Com - fort - ing sor - row,
 Res - cu - ing sin - ners,

OH, TO BE MORE LIKE JESUS.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Guid - ing the sin - ner a - bove;

Nev - er cease trying, Liv - ing or dy - ing, Working for God and love.

No. 61.

"ONLY."

Anon.

Andante.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

1. On - ly a word for the Mas - ter, Lov - ing - ly, qui - et - ly said;
2. On - ly a look of re - mon - strance, Sor - row - ful, gen - tle and deep;
3. On - ly some act of de - vo - tion, Will - ing - ly, joy - ful - ly done;
4. On - ly an hour with the chil - dren, Pleas - ant - ly, cheer - ful - ly given;
5. "On - ly," — but Je - sus is look - ing Constant - ly, ten - der - ly down

On - ly a word, Yet the Master heard, And some fainting hearts were fed.
 On - ly a look, Yet the strong man shook, And he went a - lone to weep.
 "Surely, 'twas naught," (So the proud world tho't) But yet souls for Christ are won.
 Yet seed was sown In that hour a - lone, Which would bring forth fruit from Heaven.
 To earth, and sees Those who strive to please, And their love He loves to crown.

ROBERT DREW ATHERLY.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. All along life's pathway, Toilers you will meet, Bear-ing heavy bur-dens,
 2. All along life's pathway, Mourners linger sad, Knowing naught of sunshine,
 3. All along life's pathway, Wand'ers idly stray, Heeding not God's mer cy

Dragging wea ry feet. You may help some tired one Just a lit-tle while,
 Nev - er look-ing glad. You may give sweet com-fort, By the things you do,
 Nor the heav'n-ly way. You may go and tell them Of the message sweet,

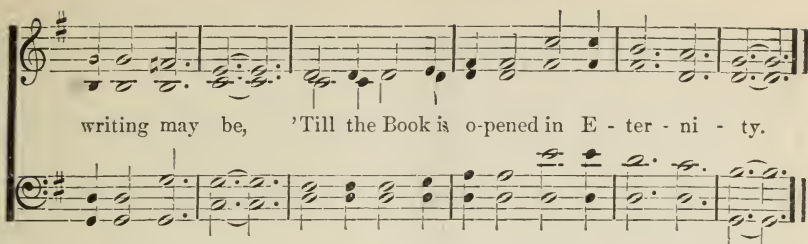
You may cheer a sink - ing heart, With a hap - py smile.
 You may turn a heart to Christ, By a word or two.
 You may lead some anx - ious soul To the Sav - iour's feet.

CHORUS.

Do not pass your broth-er with a - vert-ed eye, For your Mas-ter

watch-es from His throne on high; You can nev - er know what the

ALL ALONG LIFE'S PATHWAY.—Concluded.



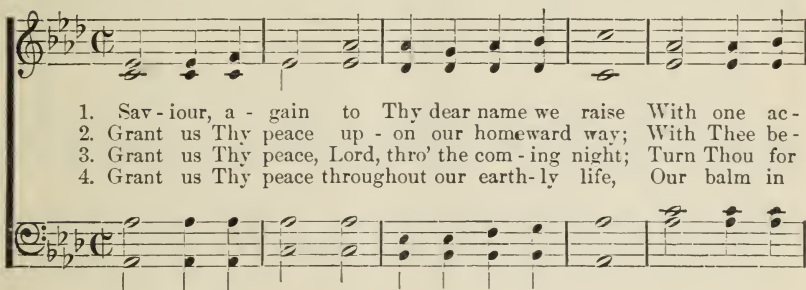
writing may be, 'Till the Book is o-pen-ed in E - ter - ni - ty.

No. 63.

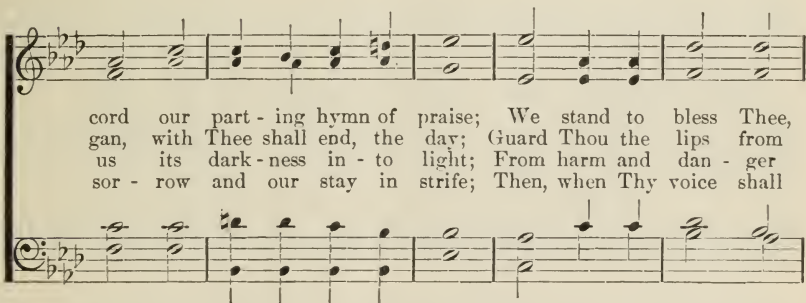
PARTING HYMN.

J. ELLERTON.

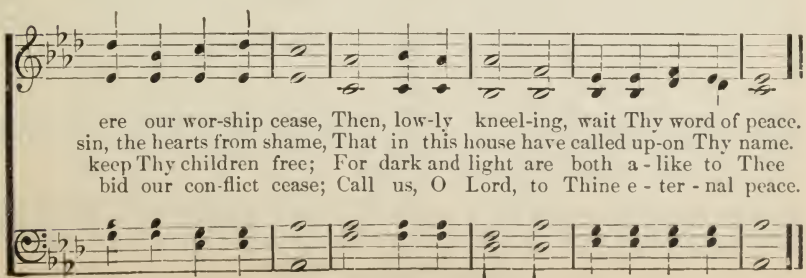
E. J. HOPKINS.



1. Sav-iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac-
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be-
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night; Turn Thou for
4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earth-ly life, Our balm in



cord our part-ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee,
 gan, with Thee shall end, the day; Guard Thou the lips from
 us its dark-ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger
 sor - row and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall



ere our wor-ship cease, Then, low-ly kneel-ing, wait Thy word of peace.
 sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up-on Thy name.
 keep Thy children free; For dark and light are both a-like to Thee
 bid our con-flict cease; Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

Dedicated to B. P. STOUT, Phila.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

LUE REED MIDDLEBROOK.

Con tenderezza moderato.

1. Be - fore I found the Sav - iour I had a load of care; No
 2. Since I have found the Sav - iour my heart is free and light; My
 3. I'm ev - er look - ing home - ward, where per - fect bliss a - waits; Where

Instrument well subdued.

com - fort in my sor - row, no help my yoke to wear. But
 days no more are drear - y, no sad - ness comes with night. But
 I shall join the lov'd ones be - yond the pearl - y gates. My

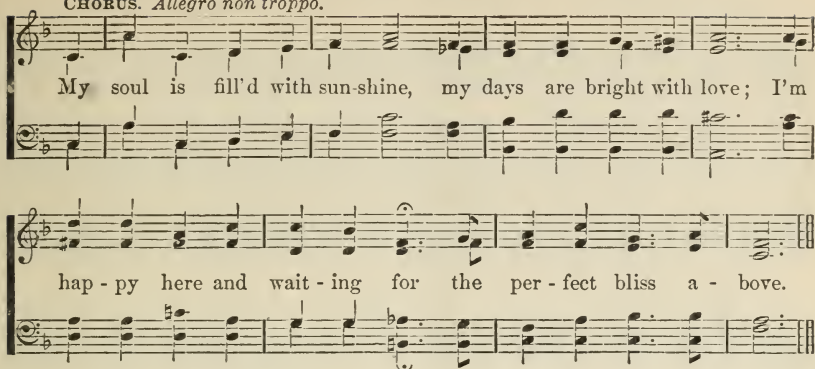
now that I know Je - sus and all my cares are gone, My
 joy is mine un - ceas - ing and sun - shine floods my way. I'm
 heart is fill'd with long - ing to pass those por - tals fair, And

Piu mosso. *Poco rit.*

soul is fill'd with sun - shine and my lips are fill'd with song.
 on the road to heav - en and to nev - er - end - ing day.
 greet the friends and an - gels who a - wait my com - ing there.

FILLED WITH SUNSHINE.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Allegro non troppo.*



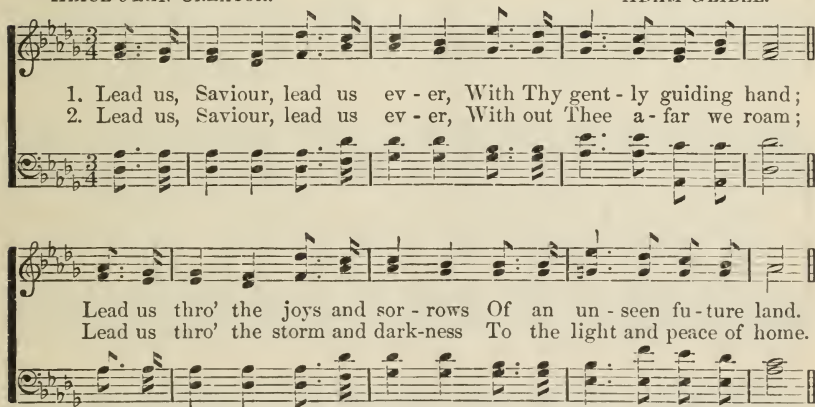
My soul is fill'd with sun-shine, my days are bright with love; I'm
hap - py here and wait - ing for the per - fect bliss a - bove.

No. 65.

LEAD US, SAVIOUR.

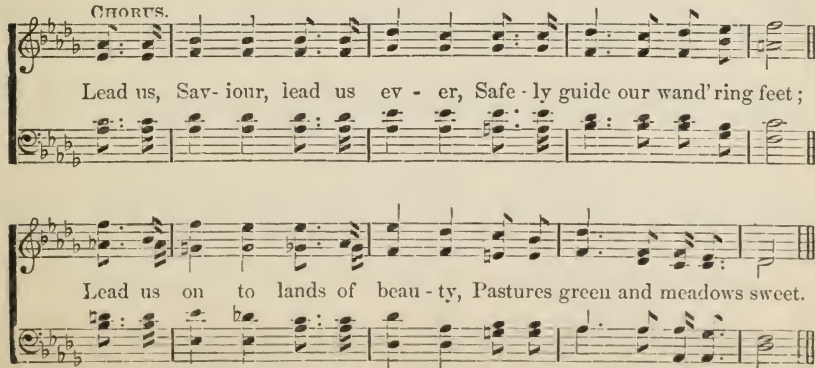
ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Lead us, Saviour, lead us ev - er, With Thy gent - ly guiding hand;
2. Lead us, Saviour, lead us ev - er, With out Thee a - far we roam;
Lead us thro' the joys and sor - rows Of an un - seen fu - ture land.
Lead us thro' the storm and dark - ness To the light and peace of home.

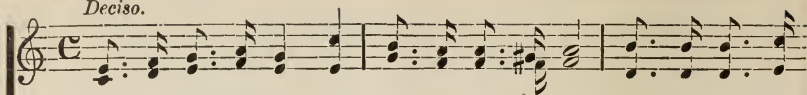
CHORUS.



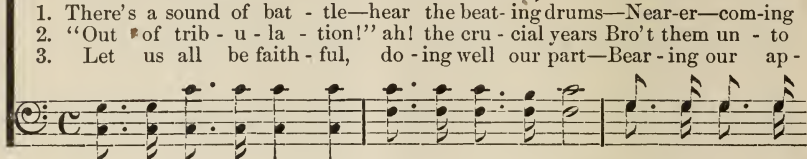
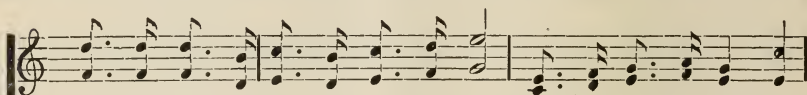
Lead us, Sav - iour, lead us ev - er, Safe - ly guide our wand' ring feet;
Lead us on to lands of beau - ty, Pastures green and meadows sweet.

Mrs. F. A. BRECK.

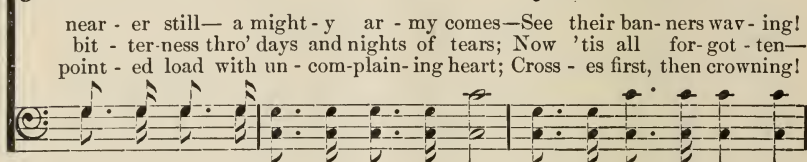
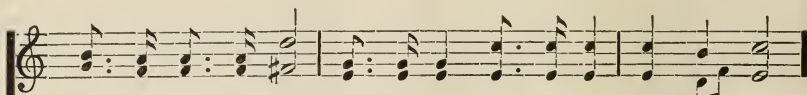
POWELL G. FITHIAN.

Deciso.


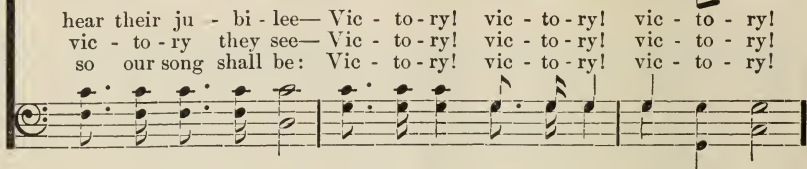
1. There's a sound of bat - tle—hear the beat - ing drums—Near - er—com - ing
 2. "Out of trib - u - la - tion!" ah! the cru - cial years Bro't them un - to
 3. Let us all be faith - ful, do - ing well our part—Bear - ing our ap -

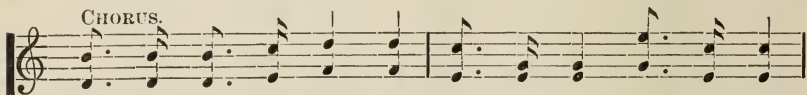
near - er still— a might - y ar - my comes—See their ban - ners wav - ing!
 bit - ter - ness thro' days and nights of tears; Now 'tis all for - got - ten—
 point - ed load with un - com - plain - ing heart; Cross - es first, then crowning!

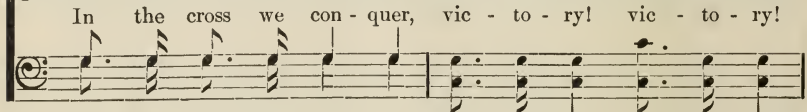
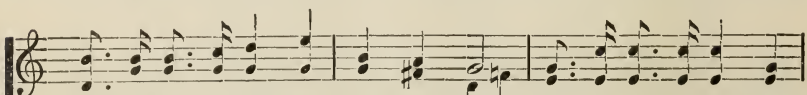
hear their ju - bi - lee—Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!
 vic - to - ry they see—Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!
 so our song shall be: Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!



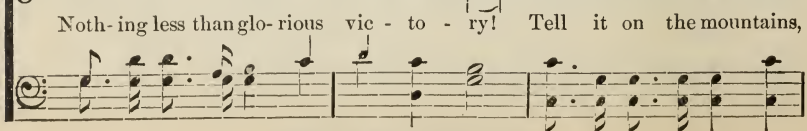
CHORUS.



In the cross we con - quer, vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!

Noth - ing less than glo - rious vic - to - ry! Tell it on the mountains,



NOTHING LESS THAN VICTORY.—Concluded.

ad lib. \vee \vee

send it o'er the sea! Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!

No. 67. WELCOME, DELIGHTFUL MORN.

HAYWARD.

F. SCHNEIDER. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1. Wel - come, de - light - ful morn; Thou day of sa - cred rest!
 2. Now may the King de - scend, And fill His throne of grace;
 3. De - scend, ce - les - tial Dove, With all Thy quickening pow'rs;

I hail Thy kind re - turn, Lord! make these mo - ments blest;
 Thy scep - tre, Lord, ex - tend, While saints ad - dress Thy face;
 Dis - close a Sav - iour's love, And bless the sa - cred hours;

From the low train of mor - tal toys, I soar to reach im -
 Let sin - ners feel Thy quickening word, And learn to know and
 Then shall my soul new life ob - tain, Nor sab - baths be in -

mor - tal joys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.
 fear the Lord, And learn to know and fear the Lord.
 dulged in vain, Nor Sab - baths be in - dulged in vain.

I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

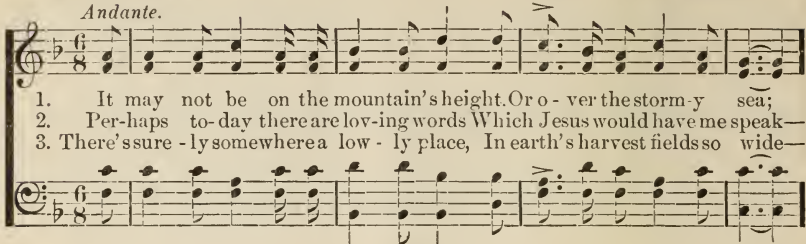
NO. 68. I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

CONSECRATION.

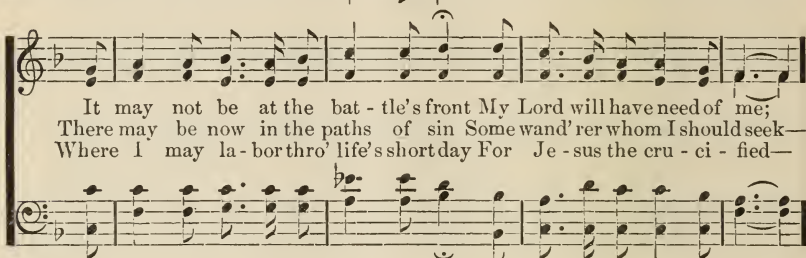
MARY BROWN.

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

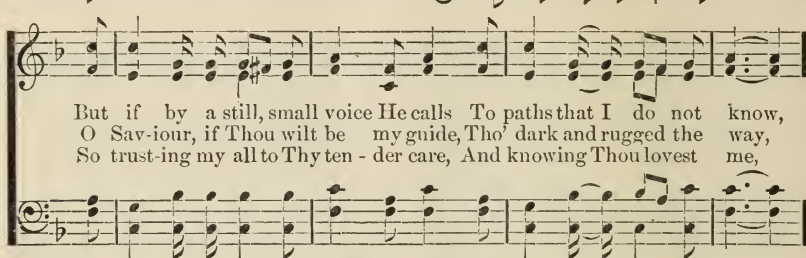
Andante.



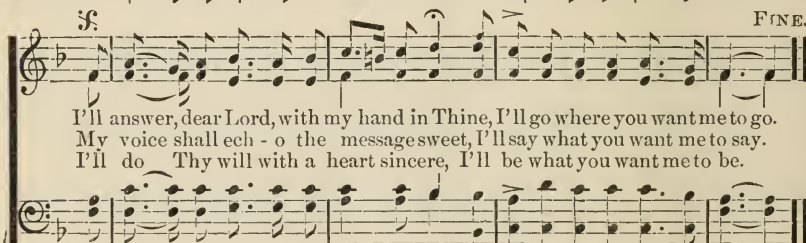
1. It may not be on the mountain's height. Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
 2. Per-haps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Jesus would have me speak—
 3. There's sure-ly somewhere a low-ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—



It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
 There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand' rer whom I should seek—
 Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je-sus the cru-ci-fied—



But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
 O Sav-iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
 So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And knowing Thou lovest me,

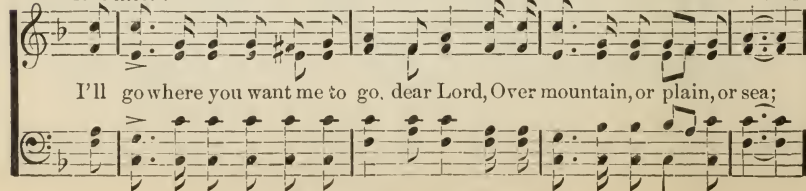


I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
 My voice shall ech-o the mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D.S.—I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

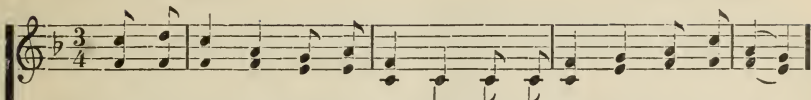
D.S.



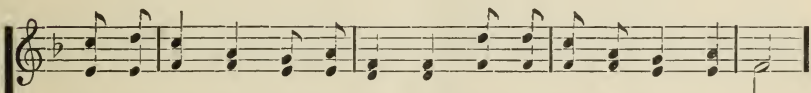
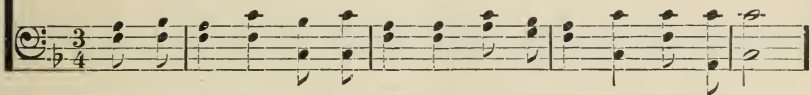
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

FLORA KIRKLAND.

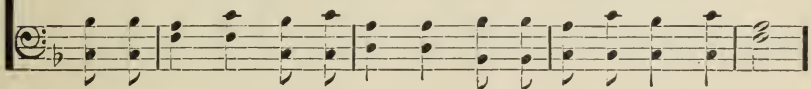
ADAM GEIBEL.



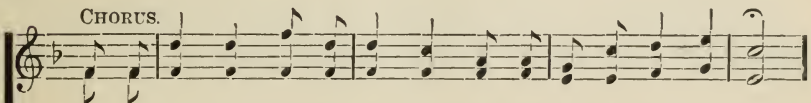
1. In Thy foot-steps, bless-ed Mas - ter, Help me fol - low, day by day;—
2. When the joys of life en-fold me, Help me fix my tho'ts on Thee,
3. Should soft dreams of sin - ful pleas - ure, Tempt me from the nar - row way,
4. Should tempta - tion dark surround me, Help me hold my stead-fast way;—



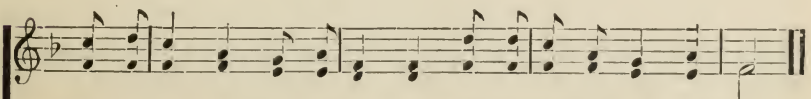
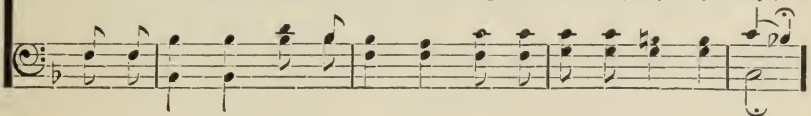
Halt-ing nev - er, watch-ing ev - er, Walk-ing in the nar - row way.
 Draw me near - er, whis-per clear - er, Till Thy bless-ed face I see.
 Keep, oh, keep me! warn and shield me, Let me not in by - paths stray!
 Trust-ing ev - er, doubt-ing nev - er, Till I reach the realms of day.



CHORUS.



In Thy foot-steps, bless-ed Mas - ter, Help me fol - low, day by day;

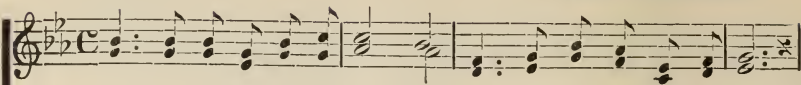


Trust-ing ev - er, doubt-ing nev - er, Walk-ing in the nar - row way.

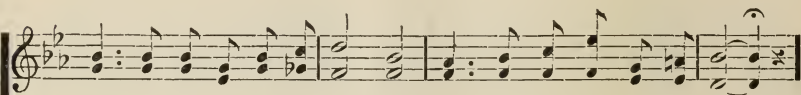
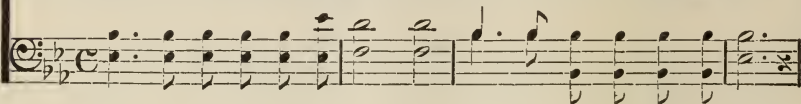


IDA L. REED.

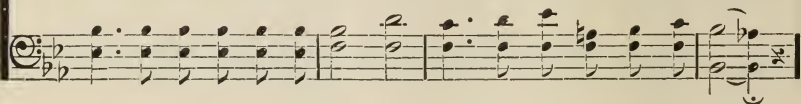
POWELL G. FITHIAN.



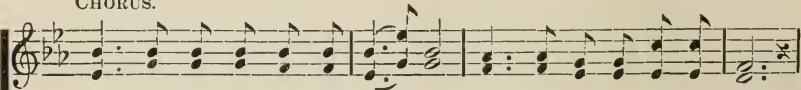
1. Je - sus, Saviour, hear and help me, Let me dai - ly learn of Thee,
2. Let me serve Thee gladly, tru - ly, Thou, my strength in ev - 'ry need,
3. Though my place be e'er so low - ly, Thro' Thy love it may be blest,
4. Lead me in Thy truth, dear Sav-iour, And in love a - bid with me,



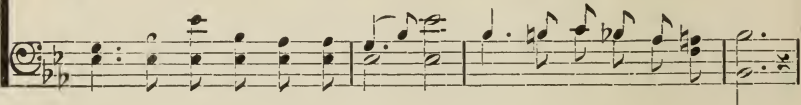
All Thy will that I may serve Thee, All Thine own I long to be.
 Make me will-ing, Lord, to fol - low, Where-so - ev - er Thou may'st lead.
 And to me it should be ho - ly, If Thy Spir - it on me rest.
 Joy - ful - ly Thy steps I fol - low, Let me ev - er live for Thee.



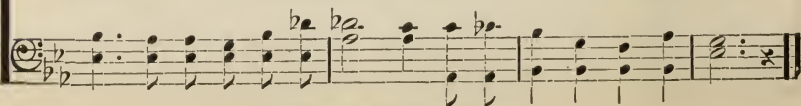
CHORUS.



Make my will Thine own, dear Sav-iour, Faith - ful, loy - al let me be,



Walk - ing in Thy ways so bless - ed, Let me ev - er live for Thee.



LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Look well to your ca - bles, my broth - er, For sev - ered the
 2. Con - cealed by the gath - er - ing dark - ness, Are break - ers of
 3. So an - chor your bark to the Christ - rock, And ask the dear

faith strands may be, Take heed lest you slip from your moor - ings, And
 sin, just at hand; O soul! there is ma - ny a dan - ger To
 Je - sus to be Your pi - lot, to guide you in safe - ty To the

CHORUS.

Drift - - ing a - way,.....

storm-toss'd lie out on life's sea.
 keep you from gaining the land. } Drifting a-way, drifting a-way,
 shores of e - ter - ni - ty. }

drift - - ing a - way,.....

drifting a-way, drift-ing a-way, Far from the home of the blest,...

Then anchor your soul on the Christ-rock, For un - der its shadow is rest.

J. H. E.

Arr. from "GOUNOD," by J. H. ENTWISLE.

FULL CHORUS. *Maestoso.*

Praise, praise Je-ho - vah, The mighty God who dwells above, Praise, praise Je-

hovah, The King of kings, the Source of Love; Praise, praise Jehovah, The mighty

God who dwells above, Praise, praise Je-hovah, The King of kings, the Source of Love.

Praise ye the Lord, Let the mighty chorus swell, Let ev'ry voice sing the
O praise praise the Lord sing praise,

praise of the ev-er-lasting Fa - ther. Sing un-to Him who is
sing praise, O sing unto Him

PRAISE JEHOVAH.—Concluded.

God o - ver all cre - a - tion, Lift the voice in a gladsome tri - umph song, Re -

joice, and praise ye Je - ho - vah! Praise ye, praise Je - ho - vah, He is God o'er

all vic - to - rious, Praise ye, praise Jehovah, for His wondrous mighty pow'r;

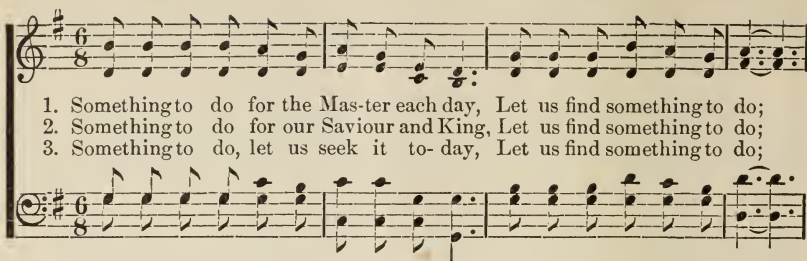
Praise Him for His wondrous works, Laud and magnify His Holy name, Join the

everlasting song with loud accord, O praise ye the Lord; praise ye the Lord.

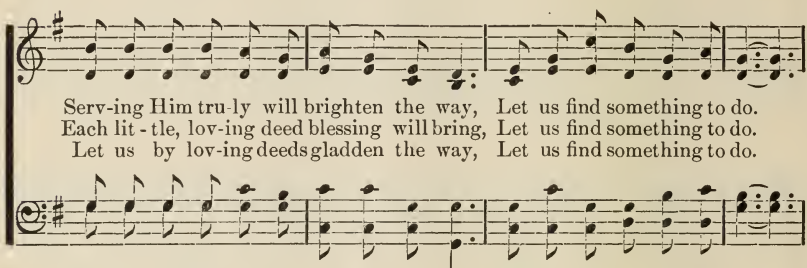
* If desirable use small notes,

IDA L. REED.

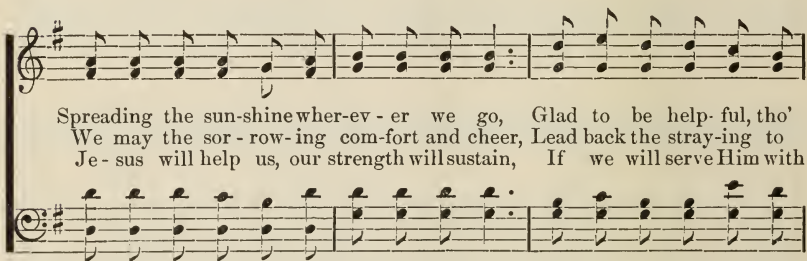
POWELL G. FITHIAN.



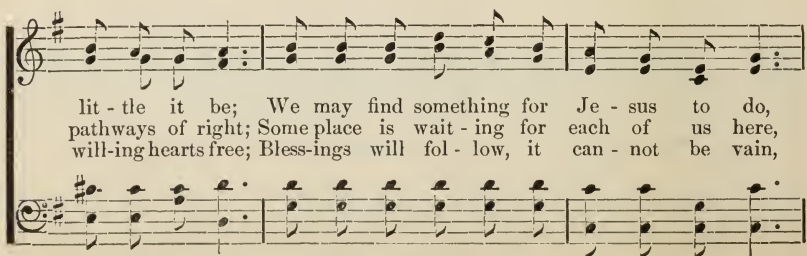
1. Something to do for the Mas-ter each day, Let us find something to do;
 2. Something to do for our Saviour and King, Let us find something to do;
 3. Something to do, let us seek it to-day, Let us find something to do;



Serv-ing Him tru-ly will brighten the way, Let us find something to do.
 Each lit-tle, lov-ing deed blessing will bring, Let us find something to do.
 Let us by lov-ing deeds gladden the way, Let us find something to do.



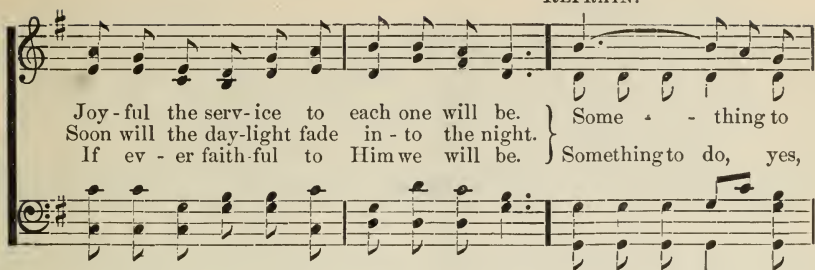
Spreading the sun-shine wher-ev-er we go, Glad to be help-ful, tho'
 We may the sor-row-ing com-fort and cheer, Lead back the stray-ing to
 Je-sus will help us, our strength will sustain, If we will serve Him with



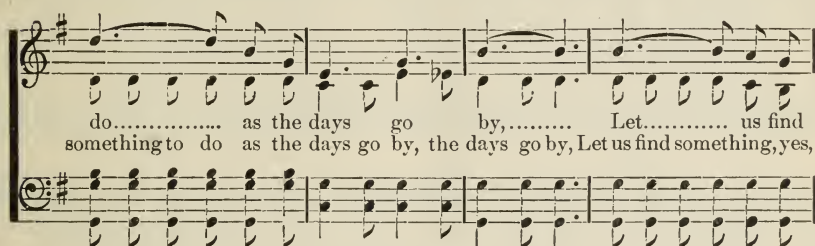
lit-tle it be; We may find something for Je-sus to do,
 pathways of right; Some place is wait-ing for each of us here,
 will-ing hearts free; Bless-ings will fol-low, it can-not be vain,

SOMETHING TO DO.—Concluded.

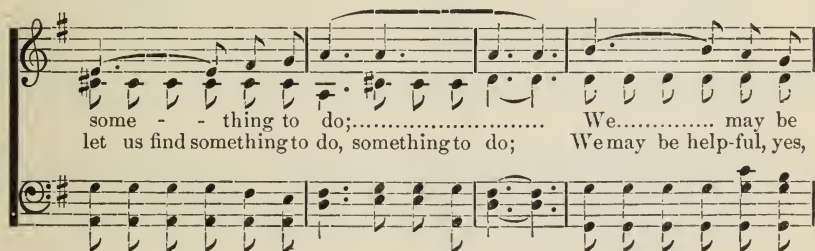
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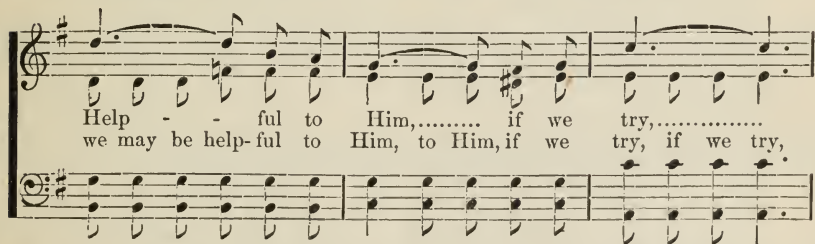
Joy-ful the serv-ice to each one will be. } Some - - thing to
 Soon will the day-light fade in - to the night. }
 If ev - er faith-ful to Him we will be. } Something to do, yes,



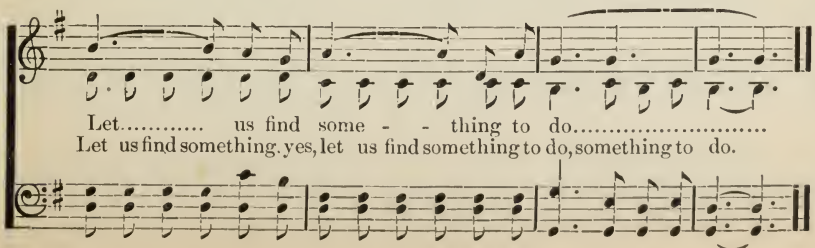
do..... as the days go by,..... Let..... us find
 something to do as the days go by, the days go by, Let us find something, yes,



some - - thing to do;..... We..... may be
 let us find something to do, something to do; We may be help-ful, yes,



Help - - ful to Him,..... if we try,.....
 we may be help-ful to Him, to Him, if we try, if we try,

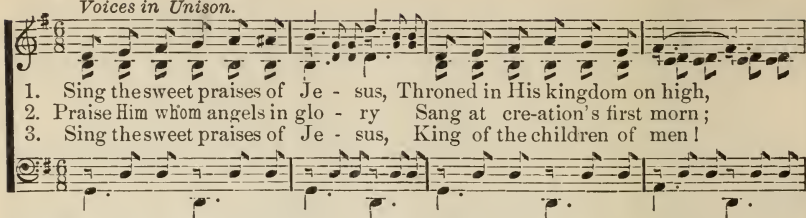


Let..... us find some - - thing to do.....
 Let us find something, yes, let us find something to do, something to do.

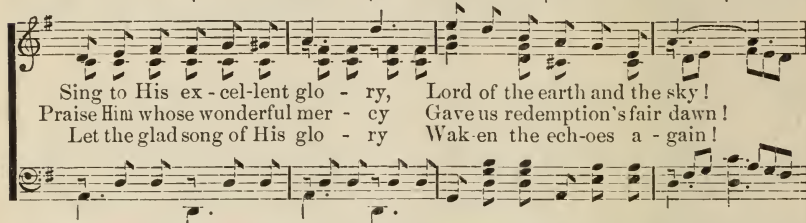
No. 74. SING THE SWEET PRAISES OF JESUS.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.
Voices in Unison.

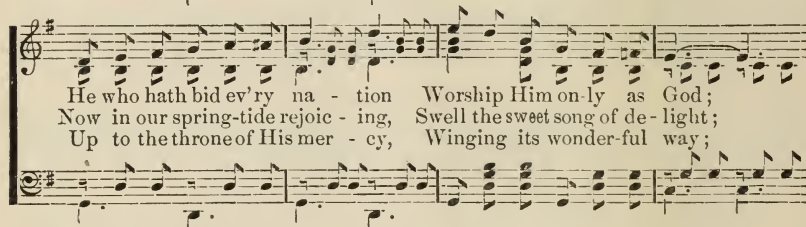
F. J. HOWARD.



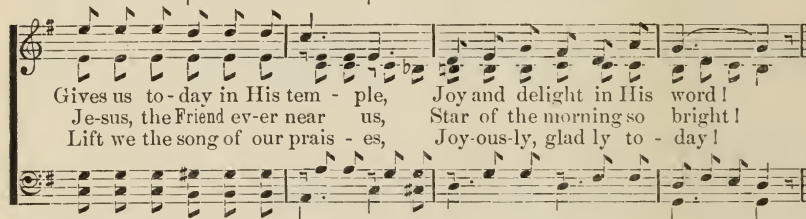
1. Sing the sweet praises of Je - sus, Throned in His kingdom on high,
2. Praise Him whom angels in glo - ry Sang at cre-ation's first morn;
3. Sing the sweet praises of Je - sus, King of the children of men!



Sing to His ex - cel-lent glo - ry, Lord of the earth and the sky!
Praise Him whose wonderful mer - cy Gave us redemption's fair dawn!
Let the glad song of His glo - ry Wak-en the ech-oes a - gain!

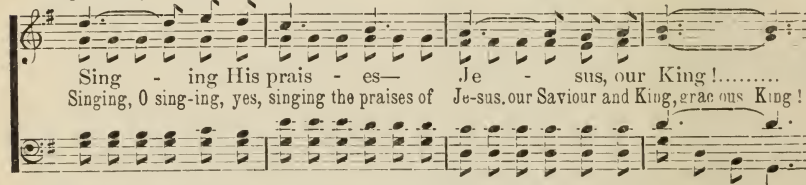


He who hath bid ev'ry na - tion Worship Him on-ly as God;
Now in our spring-tide rejoic - ing, Swell the sweet song of de - light;
Up to the throne of His mer - cy, Winging its wonder-ful way;

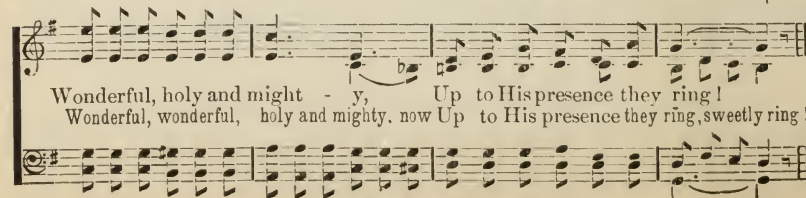


Gives us to-day in His tem - ple, Joy and delight in His word!
Je-sus, the Friend ev-er near us, Star of the morning so bright!
Lift we the song of our prais - es, Joy-ous-ly, glad ly to - day!

CHORUS.



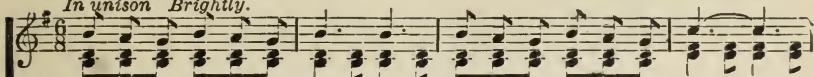
Sing - ing His prais - es— Je - sus, our King!.....
Singing, O sing-ing, yes, singing the praises of Je-sus, our Saviour and King, gra-cious King!



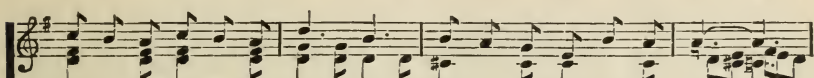
Wonderful, holy and might - y, Up to His presence they ring!
Wonderful, wonderful, holy and mighty, now Up to His presence they ring, sweetly ring!

Miss F. E. PETTINGILL.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

In unison Brightly.


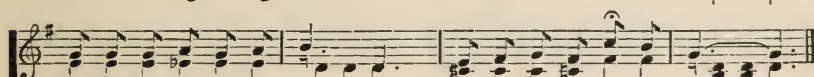
1. Beau-ti-ful morning of spring-time! Beaming with promise, with cheer,
 2. Beau-ti-ful morning of child-hood! Lighted with love's genial rays,
 3. Beau-ti-ful morning of Eas-ter! Je-sus hath ris-en in night,



Out in the woodlands, the tree-tops, Beau-ti-ful songsters ap-pear.....
 Round thy ho-ri-zon there ris-eth Vis-ions of life's hap-py days.....
 Je-sus hath scattered the shad-ows, Conquered the darkness of night.....

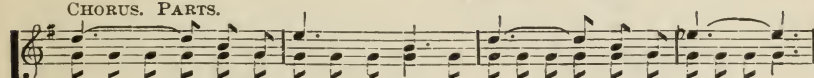


O-ver the meadow, the mount-ain, Spreadeth a car-pet of green;
 Beau-ti-ful treasures a-wait thee, Treasures for mem-o-ry's store,
 Beau-ti-ful morning of morn-ings, Fair-est, and brightest, and best!

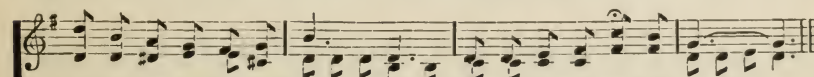


He who de-lighteth in na-ture Beau-ti-ful blossoms may glean.
 Treasures for noonday, for eve-ning, When the bright morning is o'er.
 In thy pure light we are walk-ing, In thy sure promise we rest.

CHORUS. PARTS.



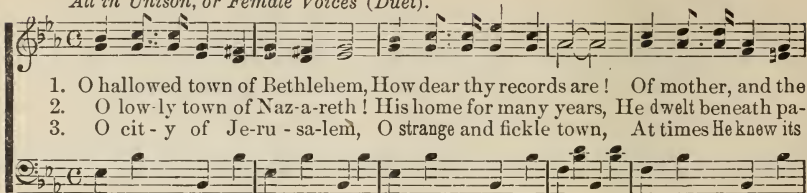
Beau-ti-ful spring-time Beam-ing with cheer,....
 Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful morn-ing of springtime, Beaming with promise, with promise and cheer,



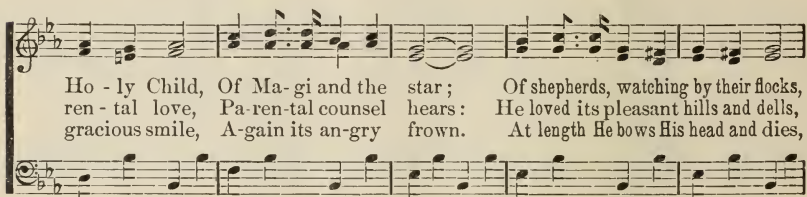
Out in the woodlands, the tree-tops, Beau-ti-ful songsters ap-pear.
 woodlands the tree-tops, sweet songsters ap-pear.

F. E. PETTINGELL.

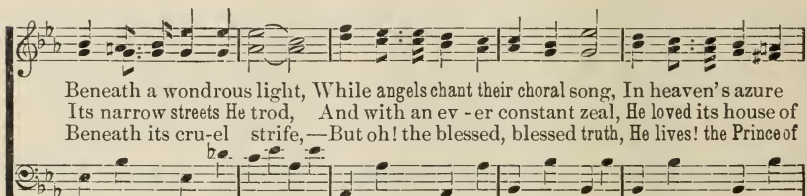
F. J. HOWARD.

All in Unison, or Female Voices (Duet).


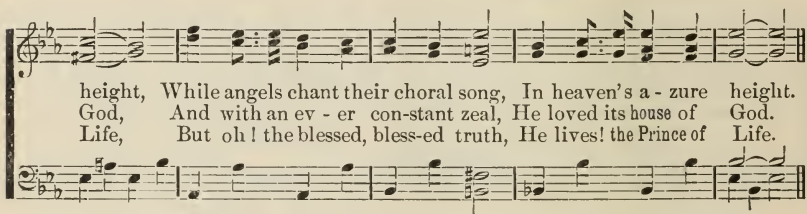
1. O hallowed town of Bethlehem, How dear thy records are ! Of mother, and the
 2. O low-ly town of Naz-a-reth ! His home for many years, He dwelt beneath pa-
 3. O cit-y of Je-ru-sa-lem, O strange and fickle town, At times He knew its



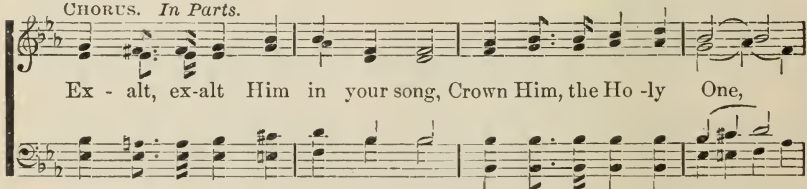
Ho-ly Child, Of Ma-gi and the star ; Of shepherds, watching by their flocks,
 ren-tal love, Pa-ren-tal counsel hears : He loved its pleasant hills and dells,
 gracious smile, A-gain its an-gry frown. At length He bows His head and dies,



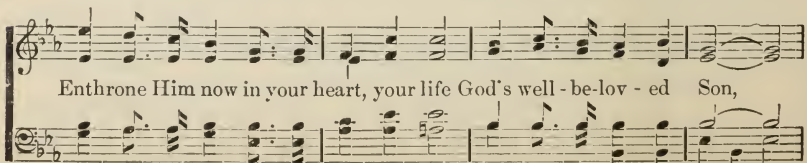
Beneath a wondrous light, While angels chant their choral song, In heaven's azure
 Its narrow streets He trod, And with an ev-er constant zeal, He loved its house of
 Beneath its cru-el strife,—But oh ! the blessed, blessed truth, He lives ! the Prince of



height, While angels chant their choral song, In heaven's a-zure height.
 God, And with an ev-er con-stant zeal, He loved its house of God.
 Life, But oh ! the blessed, bless-ed truth, He lives ! the Prince of Life.

CHORUS. *In Parts.*


Ex-alt, ex-alt Him in your song, Crown Him, the Ho-ly One,

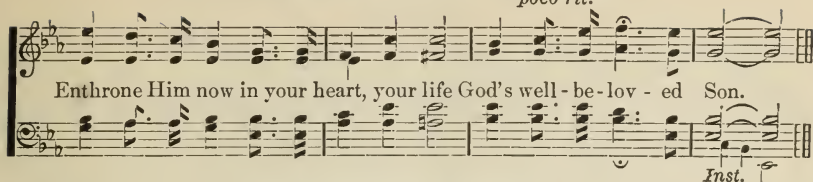


Enthroned Him now in your heart, your life God's well-be-lov-ed Son,

God's well, God's well be-lov-ed Son,

THE KINGLY ONE—Concluded.

poco rit.



Enthroned Him now in your heart, your life God's well-be-loved Son.

Inst.

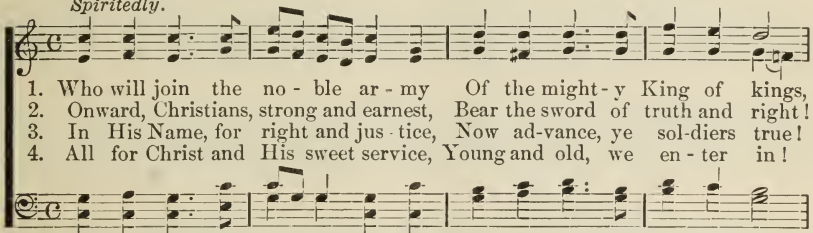
No. 77.

WHO WILL FOLLOW?

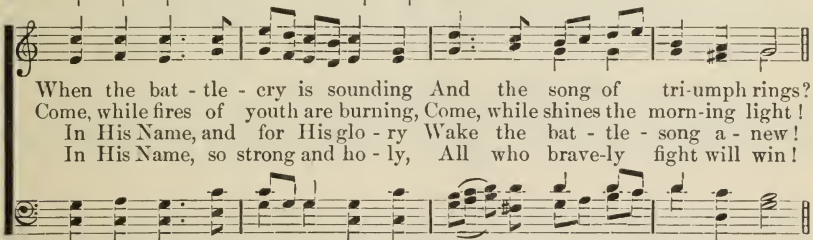
Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

Spiritedly.

F. J. HOWARD.

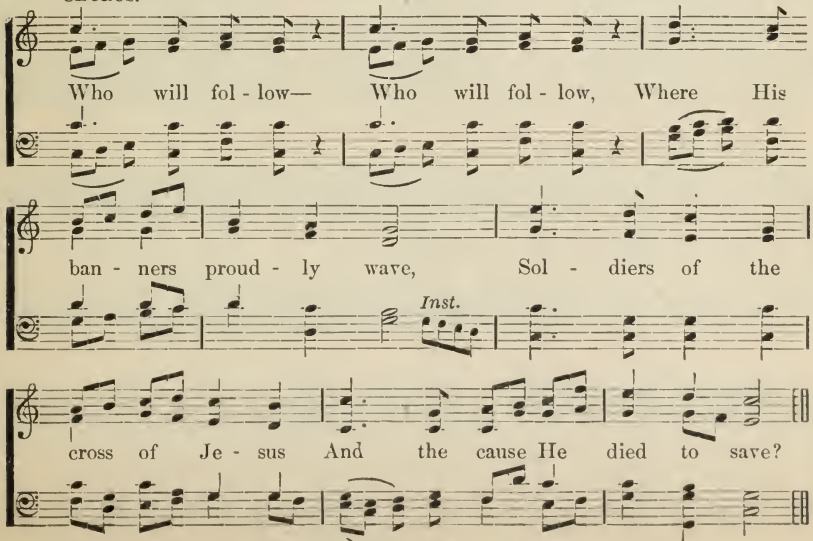


1. Who will join the no-ble ar-my Of the might-y King of kings,
2. Onward, Christians, strong and earnest, Bear the sword of truth and right!
3. In His Name, for right and jus-tice, Now ad-vance, ye sol-diers true!
4. All for Christ and His sweet service, Young and old, we en-ter in!



When the bat-tle-cry is sounding And the song of tri-umph rings?
Come, while fires of youth are burning, Come, while shines the morn-ing light!
In His Name, and for His glo-ry Wake the bat-tle-song a-new!
In His Name, so strong and ho-ly, All who brave-ly fight will win!

CHORUS.



Who will fol-low— Who will fol-low, Where His
ban-ners proud-ly wave, Sol-diers of the
cross of Je-sus And the cause He died to save?

Inst.

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS.

ANTHEM.

R. FRANK LEHMAN.

*Moderato.**ff**p**cres.*

Lift up your heads, O ye gates! E-ven lift them up ye ev-er-

last-ing doors. Lift up your heads, O ye gates and be ye

lift up, and be lift up ye ev-er-last-ing doors. And the King of

Glo-ry shall come in, And the King of Glo-ry shall come in,

*All.**ff*

And the King of glo-ry shall come in, And the King of

Glo-ry shall come in. Who is the King? Who is the King of Glo-ry?

*Girls.**All.*

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS.—Concluded.

Girls. *All.* *Girls.*

Who is the King? Who is the King of Glo - ry? Who is the

All.

King? Who is the King of Glo - ry? The Lord, strong and mighty! The

Lord, strong and mighty! The Lord, strong and mighty! The Lord of Hosts.

Girls. *All.* *Girls.* *All.*

He is the King! He is the King of glo - ry! He is the King! He

Girls. *All.*

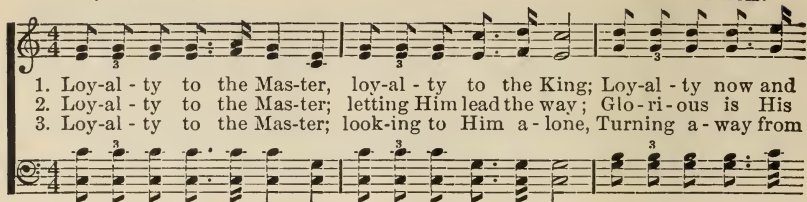
is the King of Glo - ry! He is the King! He is the King of Glo - ry!

ritard.

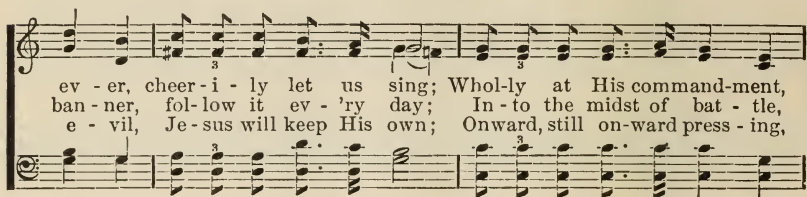
He is the King! He is the King! He is the King, The Lord of Hosts. A - men.

E. E. HEWITT.

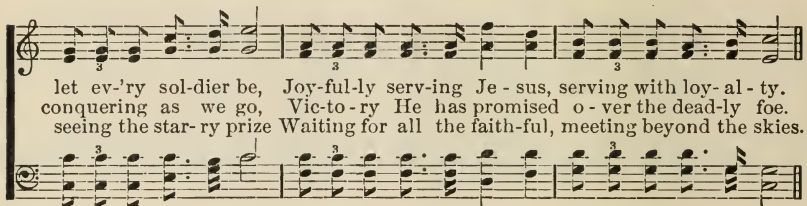
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Loy-al - ty to the Mas-ter, loy-al - ty to the King; Loy-al - ty now and
 2. Loy-al - ty to the Mas-ter; letting Him lead the way; Glo-ri-ous is His
 3. Loy-al - ty to the Mas-ter; look-ing to Him a - lone, Turning a - way from

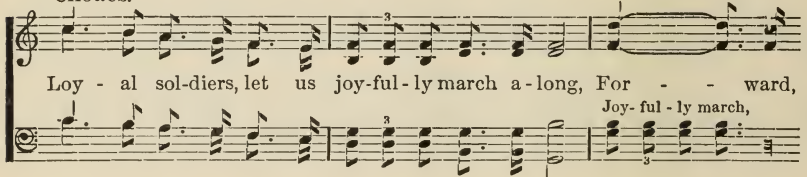


ev - er, cheer-i - ly let us sing; Whol-ly at His command-ment,
 ban - ner, fol-low it ev - 'ry day; In - to the midst of bat - tle,
 e - vil, Je - sus will keep His own; Onward, still on-ward press - ing,

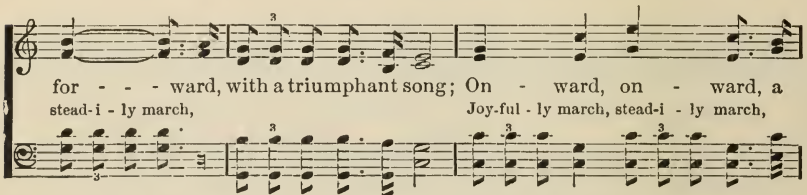


let ev-'ry sol-dier be, Joy-ful-ly serv-ing Je - sus, serving with loy-al - ty.
 conquering as we go, Vic-to-ry He has promised o - ver the dead-ly foe.
 seeing the star-ry prize Waiting for all the faith-ful, meeting beyond the skies.

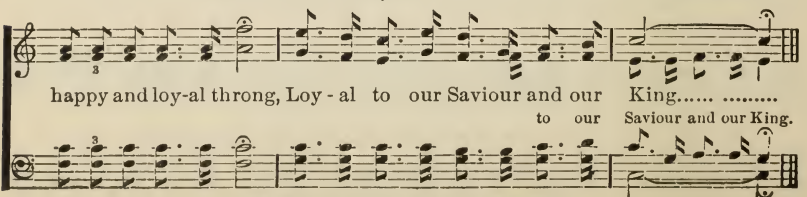
CHORUS.



Loy - al sol-diers, let us joy-ful-ly march a-long, For - - ward,
 Joy-ful - ly march,



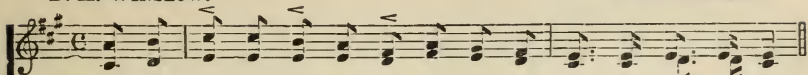
for - - - ward, with a triumphant song; On - ward, on - ward, a
 stead-i - ly march, Joy-ful - ly march, stead-i - ly march,



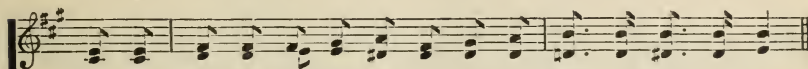
happy and loy-al throng, Loy - al to our Saviour and our King.....
 to our Saviour and our King.

B. H. WINSLOW.

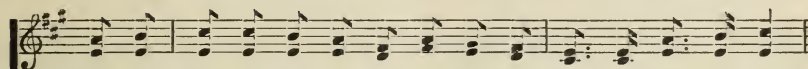
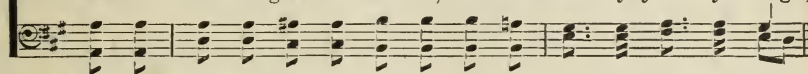
F. L. JACKSON.



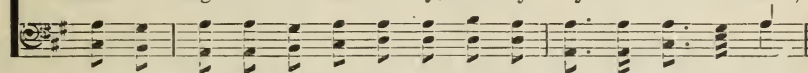
1. Hear our tramp-ing, tramp-ing, tramp-ing, As we march a - long our way ;
2. With our watch-word on our banners, We will proud - ly march a - long ;
3. Come and join the children's ar - my, Come and find our Sav - iour true !



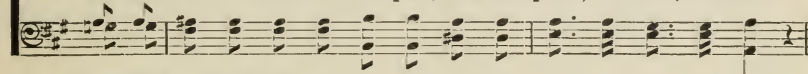
'Tis the hap - py children's ar - my, Com-ing forth in bright ar - ray.
 Bold - ly meet the pow'rs of e - vil—We are young, but we are strong.
 With His love and grace a - bout us, We shall safe - ly jour-ney through;



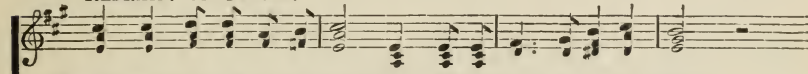
With our cheer-ful, smil-ing fa - ces, And our faith so pure and strong,
 While our Cap-tain goes be-fore us, We can nev - er lose our way ;
 Reach the bright ce - les - tial cit - y, Glad-ly lay our ar - mor down,



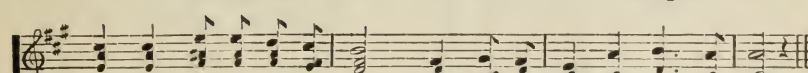
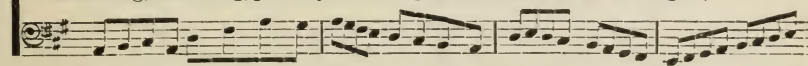
We will take our fa - thers' pla - ces, And their bur-dens bear ere long.
 With His smile to cheer us on-ward, We shall sure - ly win the day.
 No more en - e - mies to con-quer, Ours the palm, the robe, the crown.



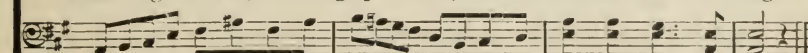
REFRAIN. IN UNISON.



Marching, marching, proudly marching, We are bold to do the right ;



March-ing onward, marching up - ward, In the Chris-tian ar - mor bright.

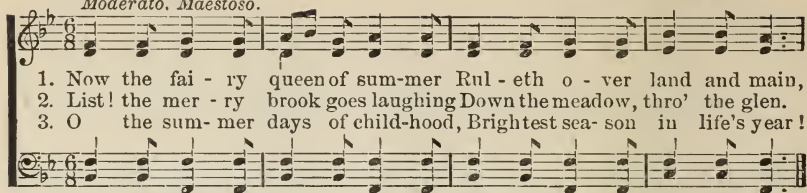


No. 81. NOW THE FAIRY QUEEN OF SUMMER.

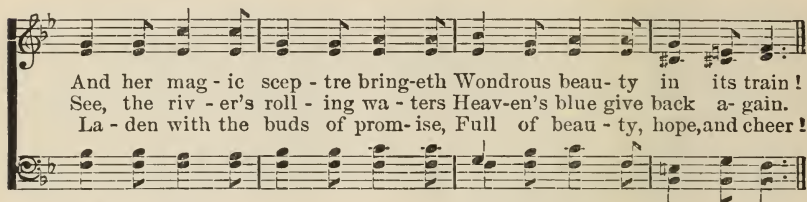
Miss. F. E. PETTINGELL.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

Moderato, Maestoso.



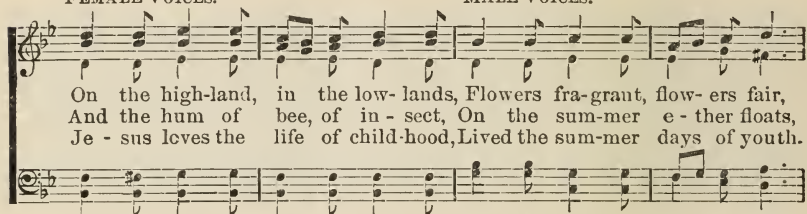
1. Now the fai - ry queen of sum - mer Rul - eth o - ver land and main,
 2. List! the mer - ry brook goes laughing Down the meadow, thro' the glen.
 3. O the sum - mer days of child - hood, Brightest sea - son in life's year!



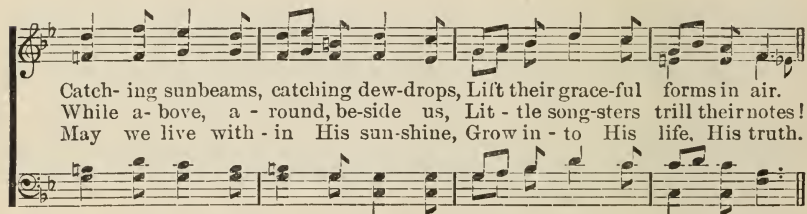
And her mag - ic scep - tre bring - eth Wondrous beau - ty in its train!
 See, the riv - er's roll - ing wa - ters Heav - en's blue give back a - gain.
 La - den with the buds of prom - ise, Full of beau - ty, hope, and cheer!

FEMALE VOICES.

MALE VOICES.

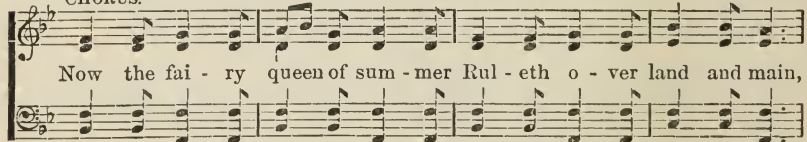


On the high - land, in the low - lands, Flowers fra - grant, flow - ers fair,
 And the hum of bee, of in - sect, On the sum - mer e - ther floats,
 Je - sus loves the life of child - hood, Lived the sum - mer days of youth.

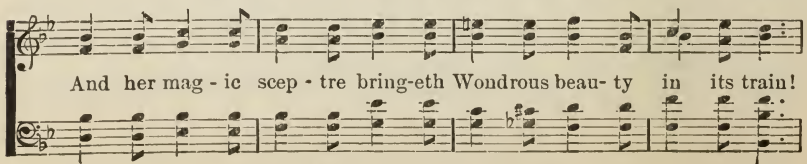


Catch - ing sunbeams, catching dew - drops, Lift their grace - ful forms in air.
 While a - bove, a - round, be - side us, Lit - tle song - sters trill their notes!
 May we live with - in His sun - shine, Grow in - to His life, His truth.

CHORUS.



Now the fai - ry queen of sum - mer Rul - eth o - ver land and main,



And her mag - ic scep - tre bring - eth Wondrous beau - ty in its train!

NOW THE FAIRY QUEEN OF SUMMER.—Concluded.

poco a poco rall. *pp very slowly.*

And her mag - ic scep - tre bring - eth Wondrous beau - ty in its train!

No. 82. THE ANGEL'S MESSAGE.

WARREN RANDOLPH YEAKEL.

WILLIAM A. PICKELL.

Brightly.

1. An - gel mes - sen - ger sent earthward, An - gel host at - ten - dant came ;
 2. "Un - to you is born a Sav - iour, Un - to us a Son is giv'n ;
 3. Shepherds hear the an - gel mes - sage, As they watch up - on the plain,
 4. An - gels and arch - an - gels hymning, Lo, the hills re - ver - ber - ate—

An - gel choir and an - gel car - ol An - gel mes - sage to pro - claim.
 An - gels catch the an - gel mes - sage, An - gels voice that theme to Heav'n."
 With su - per - nal light il - lu - mined, And they heard the sweet re - frain:
 An - gel mes - sage to us bring - ing, God the Son is in - car - nate.

CHORUS. *Rit.*

"Fear ye not! be - hold I bring you These good tidings of great joy."

f

"Glo - ria in ex - cel - sis De - o," The an - gel - ic song em - ploy.

No. 83. PRAISE THE LORD WITH GLADNESS.

G. E.

GEORGE ELY.

Cheerily.

1. Praise the Lord with gladness; bless His name, Exultingly swell the joyful chord,
 2. Praise the Lord with gladness; bless His name, And let ev'ry hill and vale resound
 3. Praise the Lord with gladness, He it is Who giveth the fields of rip'ning grain.

Let ev-'ry voice attuned, and heart a-flame, Joy-ful-ly mag-ni-fy the Lord.
 In joyous song triumphant, spread His fame Girding the beauteous earth around.
 The flow'rs of ev'ry gorgeous hue are His—Sparkling with dew, and fresh'ning rain.

CHORUS.

Let ho-san-nas ring in joy-ous song, Praise Him ev-er-more;
 'Till we join the cho-rus of the heav'nly throng On the gold-en shore.

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No. 84. BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT.

(DENNIS. S. M.)

H. G. NAGELL.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
 2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent prayers;
 3. We share our mu-tual woes; Our mu-tual bur-dens bear;
 4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain;

The fel-low-ship of kindred minds Is like to that a-bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
 And oft-en for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
 But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

Rev. A. M. TOPLADY. (TOPLADY. 7s. 6lines.) Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
 2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de-mands;
 3. Noth-ing in my hand I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
 Could my zeal no res-pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 Nak-ed, come to Thee for dress, Help-less look to Thee for grace;
 When I soar to worlds un-known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,

Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save me from its guilt and power.
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 Foul, I to the fount-ain fly, Wash me, Sav-iour, or I die.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

No. 86. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
 { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high! }

D. C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

D. C.

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, oh leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head,
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

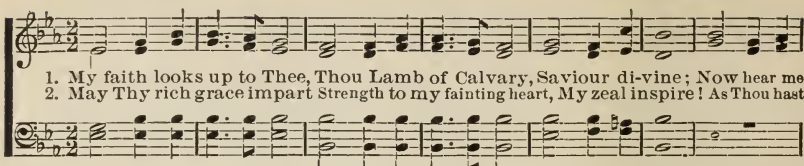
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen! cheer the faint!
 Heal the sick! and lead the blind!
 Just and holy is Thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

No. 87. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

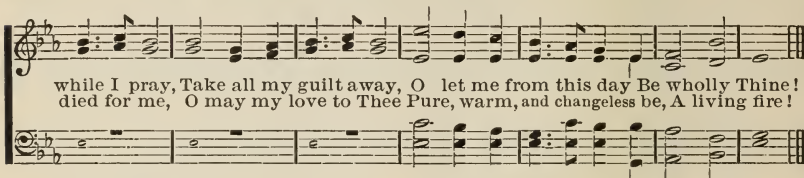
RAY PALMER.

(OLIVET. 6s, 4s.)

LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour di-vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire! As Thou hast



while I pray, Take all my guilt away, O let me from this day Be wholly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

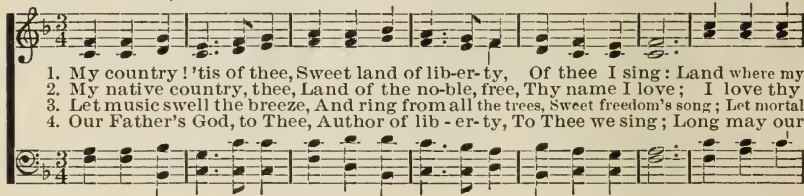
4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

No. 88. MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

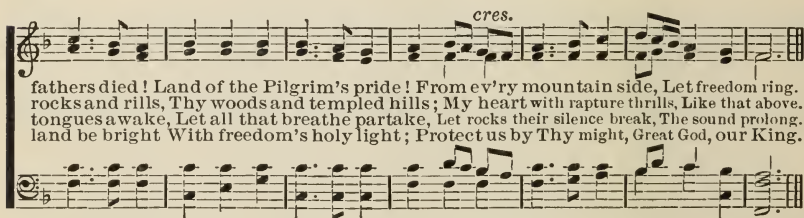
S. F. SMITH, D.D.

(AMERICA. 6s, 4s.)

HENRY CAREY.



1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My native country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our Father's God, to Thee, Author of lib - er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our



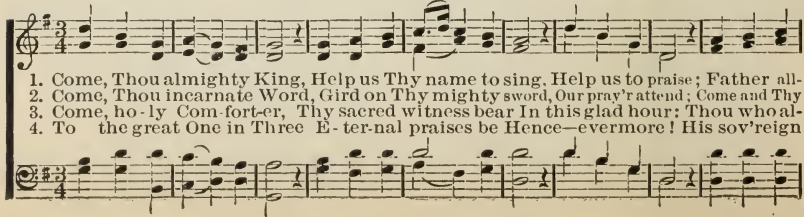
fathers died! Land of the Pilgrim's pride! From ev'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above,
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

No. 89. COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

C. WESLEY.

(ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.)

FELICE GIARDINI.



1. Come, Thou almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all-
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our pray'r attend; Come and Thy
3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sacred witness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three E-ter-nal praises be Hence-evermore! His sov'reign

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.—Concluded.

glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come and reign o-ver us, Ancient of Days,
 people bless, And give Thy word success: Spirit of ho-liness, On us de-scend!
 might-y art, Now rule in ev-ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of pow'r!
 maj-es-ty May we in glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore.

No. 90.

HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O happy day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! } Happy
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. }

FINE. D.S.
 day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away. { He taught me how to watch and pray, }
 { And live rejoicing ev-ry day. }

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To Him who merits all my love!
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.

No. 91.

REVIVE US AGAIN.

WM. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHORUS.
 Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glory, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men. Re-vive us a-gain.

- 2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
 Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our way.
- 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
 May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

(Key of G.)

I AM coming to the Cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHORUS.

I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy Cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within.
Jesus sweetly speaks to me—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."—CHO.

Here I give my all to Thee—
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body, Thine to be—
Wholly Thine for evermore.—CHO.

93 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

(Key of D.)

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's Throne
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petitions bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

94 WHAT A FRIEND!

(Key of F.)

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour! still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee,
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

(Key of D.)

HE leadeth me, oh, blessed thought!
Oh, words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REFRAIN.

He leadeth me, He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, or troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.—REF.

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.—REF.

HAMBURG.

(Key of F.)

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within and fears without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

97 THE MERCY-SEAT.

(Key of C.)

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place of all on earth most sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

AM I A SOLDIER?

(Key of G.)

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

99 THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

(Key of E flat.)

THE great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer;
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHORUS.

Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus, blessed Jesus!

Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.—CHO.

All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.—CHO.

100 JESUS PAID IT ALL.

(Key of E flat.)

I HEAR the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in me thine all in all.

CHORUS.

Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.

For nothing good have I
Whereby His grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.—CHO.

When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—CHO.

101 I GAVE MY LIFE.

(Key of C.)

I GAVE my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?

My Father's house of light—
My glory-circled throne—
I left for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee,
Hast thou left aught for me?

And I have brought to thee
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love:
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to me?

102 FULL CONSECRATION.

(Key of D.)

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

CHORUS.

Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood,
Cleanse me in its purifying flood;
Lord, I give to Thee my life and all, to be
Thine, henceforth, eternally.

Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in endless praise;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.—CHO.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store!
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee!—CHO.

103 ONLY TRUST HIM.

(Key of G.)

COME, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And He will surely give you rest.
By trusting in His word.

CHORUS.

Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson tide
That washes white as snow.—CHO.

Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.—CHO.

104 AT THE CROSS.

A LAST and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

CHORUS.

At the Cross, at the Cross, where I first saw
the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away,
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree.—CHO.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.—CHO.

105 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

(Key of G.)

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee ;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer to Thee !

Tho' like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer to Thee !

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven :
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given :
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer to Thee !

Then with my waking tho'ts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer to Thee !

Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer, my God, to Thee !
Nearer to Thee !

106 CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

(Key of G.)

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball ;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall !
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

107 STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS.

(Key of B flat.)

STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the Cross ;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss ;
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey ;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day :
" Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes ;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you ;
Ye dare not trust your own.

Put on the Gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer ;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

108 WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

(Key of F.)

WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours ;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers ;
Work when the days grow brighter,
Work in the glowing sun ;
Work, for the night is coming
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon ;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon ;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies ;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fades,
Fadeth to shine no more ;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

109 MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

(Key of C.)

MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise ;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw Thee from the skies.

O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly ev'ry day,
And help divine implore.

Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

110 MORE LOVE TO THEE.

(Key of G.)

MORE love to Thee, O Christ!
More love to Thee;
Hear Thou the pray'r I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best;
This all my pray'r shall be,
Move love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

Let sorrow do its work,
Come grief or pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise,
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its pray'r shall be:
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

111 TURN TO THE LORD.

(Key of G.)

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and pow'r.

CHORUS.

Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of His dear name,
Glory, honor and salvation,
Christ the Lord has come to reign.

Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance.
Every grace that brings you nigh.—CHO.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.—CHO.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.—CHO.

112 ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

(Key of E.)

ONWARD, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before,
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go!

CHORUS.

Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of peace;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.—CHO.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in Charity.—CHO.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—CHO.

Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This thro' countless ages
Men and angels sing.—CHO.

113 JESUS SHALL REIGN.

(Key of E flat.)

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more,

To Him shall endless pray'r be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.

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<i>I need Thee every hour.....</i>	39	<i>Outside the closed door of.</i>	33	<i>While walking in the way.</i>	27
		<i>O weary soul, by guilt....</i>	41	<i>Who will come.....</i>	44
		<i>O weary years of wand'ring</i>	42	<i>Who will follow.....</i>	77
				<i>Who will join the noble....</i>	77
				<i>Willing service for Jesus...</i>	70
				<i>Will you come to the feast..</i>	53
				<i>Work, for the night is coming</i>	108
				<i>Working, watching, praying.</i>	56



MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE UNTO THE
LORD. SERVE THE LORD WITH
GLADNESS; COME BEFORE HIS
PRESENCE WITH SINGING. — PSALM C. 12

